4th Edition

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No. 8907.—Vol. LVII. *MONDAY EVENING, OCTOBER 9, 1893.* *Price One Penny.*

## TO-NIGHT'S ENTERTAINMENTS.

**DRURY LANE THEATRE ROYAL.**
Sole Lessee and Manager, Sir Augustus Harris.

EVERY EVENING, at 7.30, A LIFE OF PLEASURE. By Henry Pettitt and Sir Augustus Harris. (The greatest success Drury Lane has ever known.)
Mrs. Bernard Beere, Miss Lily Hanbury (by permission of H. Beerbohm Tree, Esq.), Miss Laura Linden, Miss Le Thiere, Mr. Henry Neville, Mr. Arthur Dacre, Mr. Frank H. Fenton, Mr. William Elton, Mr. Stephen Caffrey, Mr. Clarence Holt, Mr. J. A. Cave, Mr. Robert Soutar, and Mr. Harry Nicholls.
MATINEE SATURDAY NEXT, and EVERY SATURDAY, at 1.30. Doors open 1 o'clock. Box-office open from 10 A.M. all day.

**HAYMARKET THEATRE.**
Mr. Tree, Sole Lessee and Manager.

TO-NIGHT at 8.15, a new play in 4 acts, by Henry Arthur Jones, called
THE TEMPTER.
Mr. Tree; Messrs. Fred. Terry, F. Everill, Fuller Mellish, G. W. Anson, Charles Allan, Holman Clark, Revelle, Baldie, Wyatt, Paton, Cowis, &c.; Mrs. Tree, Miss Irene Vanbrugh, Mrs. E. H. Brooke, and Miss Julia Neilson.
MATINEE of THE TEMPTER EVERY SATURDAY, until further notice, at 2.
Seats may now be booked two months in advance. Box-office (Mr. Leverton) open 10 till 5.

**CRITERION THEATRE.**
Lessee and Manager, Mr. Charles Wyndham.

EVERY EVENING, at 8.50, Lecocq's celebrated Comic Opera
LA FILLE DE MADAME ANGOT.
(Last Six Nights).
Mesdames Amy Augarde, H. Crofton, M. A. Victor, N. Cravering, B. Vere; Messrs. Conrtice Pounds, W. Dale, C. Davenport, S. Hemsley, G. Humphery, F. Vigav. At 8.15, FOUR MIGNONETTE. LAST MATINÉE, SATURDAY NEXT, at 3. Doors open at 2.30.

**SAVOY THEATRE.**

THIS and EVERY EVENING at 8.15, and EVERY SATURDAY AFTERNOON at 2.30, an Original Comic Opera by W. S. Gilbert and Arthur Sullivan, entitled, UTOPIA (LIMITED). Doors open 7.45. Box office open 9 A.M. to 11 P.M.—R. D'Oyly Carte, Proprietor and Manager.

**ADELPHI THEATRE.**
A. and S. Gatti, Sole Proprietors and Managers.

TO-NIGHT, at 8, A WOMAN'S REVENGE, by Henry Pettitt. Messrs. Charles Warner, Charles Cartwright, Herbert Flemming, Rudge Harding, John Carter, and Arthur Williams, Mesdames Mary Rorke, Alma Stanley, Florence L. Forster, Agnes Thomas. Box-office 10 to 5. Doors open 7.30.

**GAIETY THEATRE.**
Lessee and Manager, George Edwardes.

TO-NIGHT and EVERY EVENING, at 8, Audran's charming Comic Opera,
LA MASCOTTE,
with the following powerful cast:—
Miss Phyllis Broughton, Miss Katie Seymour, and Miss Florence St. John; Mr. Wallace Brownlow, Mr. Charles Conyers, Mr. George Mudie, and Mr. Robert Pateman.
Box-Office open 10 to 6 daily. Doors open 7.45. MATINEE SATURDAY NEXT, October 14 at 2

**GLOBE THEATRE.**
Lessee, W. S. Penley.
CHARLEY'S AUNT,
By Brandon Thomas.
TO-NIGHT and EVERY EVENING, at 9.
Preceded, at 8, by JOHN THURGOOD, FARMER.
MATINEE of CHARLEY'S AUNT EVERY SATURDAY, at 3. Doors open 2.30. Box-office open 10 to 5.

**COMEDY THEATRE.**
Lessee and Manager, Mr. J. Comyns Carr.

TO-NIGHT, at 8.30, a new and original play, in four Acts, by Sydney Grundy, entitled
SOWING THE WIND.
Mr. Brandon Thomas, Mr. Cyril Maude, Mr. Sydney Brough, Mr. Edmund Maurice, Mr. Ian Robertson, Mr. Will Dennis, Mr. Chandler, Mr. J. Byron; Miss Rose Leclercq, Miss Annie Hughes, Mrs. Campbell Bradley, and Miss Winifred Emery. Preceded at 8 by IN STRICT CONFIDENCE by Paul Heriot. Mr. F. Lovell, Mr. J. Byron, and Miss Lena Ashwell.
Doors open 7.40. Box-office (Mr. Scarisbrick) open 10 to 5. Seats also booked by letter or telegram.
MATINEE SATURDAY NEXT, October 14, and EVERY SATURDAY, at 2.30.—COMEDY.

**COURT THEATRE.**
Sole Lessee and Manager, Mr. Arthur Chudleigh.

EVERY EVENING at 9, a Three-act Farce, being an English version of the great Parisian success, "Champignol Malgré Lui," entitled THE OTHER FELLOW, by Fred Horner. Messrs. Charles Groves, C. H. Brookfield, Weedon Grossmith, Wilfred Draycott, H. De Lange, W. Wyes, Comston Coutts, K. Naisby, Charles Burleigh, Seymour Hicks, Sydney Warden, E. Bertram, &c. Misses Pattie Brown, Marianne Caldwell, M. Monish, Ellaline Terriss. Preceded at 8.15 by HIS LAST CHANCE. Mr. Seymour Hicks and Miss Ellaline Terriss. Doors open at 7.45. Box-office now open.

**SHAFTESBURY THEATRE.**
Manager, F. J. Harris.

TO-NIGHT, at 8.15, MOROCCO BOUND (174th time). John L. Shine, Charles Danby, Templar Saxe, Lilian Redfern, and Letty Lind. At 7.45, REX HARLEY, the inimitable mimic of popular actors. Box-office 10 to 10. MATINEE SATURDAY NEXT, at 2.30. Proprietor, Mr. John Lancaster.

**TRAFALGAR SQUARE THEATRE.**
Proprietors and Lessees, Mr. and Mrs. Frank Wyatt.

THIS EVENING at 9, THE TWO JOHNNIES. Messrs. Charles Glenney, Lionel Rignold, Percy Marshall, Graham Wentworth, Fred Jacques, Stanley Smith, and Frank Wyatt; Mesdames Maud Elmore, Clara Jecks, Gladys Homfrey, Marie Lascelles, and Violet Melnotte. At 8.15, AULD LANG SYNE. MATINEE of THE TWO JOHNNIES WEDNESDAY NEXT, at 3.

**DALY'S THEATRE, LEICESTER SQUARE.**

EVERY EVENING, at 8.15, Mr. AUGUSTIN DALY'S COMPANY, in
THE FORESTERS,
By Alfred Lord Tennyson, music by Sir Arthur Sullivan.
Miss ADA REHAN as MAID MARIAN (positively for a limited number of performances only).
Doors open 7.40.
LAST MATINEE SATURDAY NEXT, October 14, at 2.
FRIDAY NIGHT NEXT, October 13, THE LAST WORD (for a few evenings only), with Miss Rehan and the original cast. In preparation a new farcical comedy by F. C. Burnand, entitled, THE ORIENT EXPRESS, in which Miss Rehan, Mrs. Gilbert, and Mr. Lewis will appear. Box office daily, 9 to 5. Seats at all Libraries.

**MR. AND MRS. GERMAN REED'S ENTERTAINMENT.**
Under the management of Mr. Alfred German Reed and Mr. Corney Grain.

TO-NIGHT at 8, AN ODD PAIR, PIANO ON TOUR, and BOX "B" by Mr. Corney Grain. MONDAY, WEDNESDAY, and FRIDAY, at 8, TUESDAY, THURSDAY, and SATURDAY at 3. Stalls 5s. Admission 2s. 1s.—ST. GEORGE'S HALL, LANGHAM-PLACE, W.

**ALHAMBRA THEATRE.**

Open 7.30. At 8.30, the Grand Ballet FIDELIA. At 10.30, CHICAGO. Varieties by PAT and MIKE, the Marvellous Baboon and Donkey (first appearance in England), Mr. Lupino Lane, The Three Castles, R. H. Douglass, The Polushis, Amy Lyster, The Silvani Troupe, Marie Tyler, &c., &c.

**EMPIRE.**

TO-NIGHT, Two Grand Ballets, KATRINA, at 8, and the Up-to-Date Ballet, THE GIRL I LEFT BEHIND ME, at 10, invented by Mr. George Edwardes, the whole arranged by Mons. Katti Lanner, the music specially composed, and incidental music arranged by Monsieur Leopold Wenzel. The following artistes are engaged to support these two grand spectacles:—Mdlle. Heva Sarcy, Signorina Savigny, Miss Katie Seymour, Mr. John Ridley, Mr. W. Bishop, Signor Vincenti, and Signorina Malvina Cavalazzi. Costumes by Wilhelm, executed by Miss Fisher, Madame Auguste et Cie., and Mr. M. Angel. Scenery by Messrs. Ryan, Telbin, and Henry Emden. Varieties at 7.40: Armand Ary, Cinquevalli, Marie Lloyd, Charles Morritt, C. Tilbury, Ardel and Donaldson, R. G. Knowles, Brothers Webb, &c., &c. Doors open, 7.30.

**THE ROYAL AQUARIUM.**

At no place in the world can so many sights be seen. Fire! Fire! The Collies' Rescue. See the Wonderful Performing Dogs. The Fakir Priest. The Great Dive Through the Roof. See the Champion Divers of the World. Great Russian Wrestlers, and Tortures. Free Varieties, 12 noon. Special (free) Grand Varieties, 2 and 7. Enoch's Tank Performances. Performing animals. The Four-Legged Dance, Ballet Quartette, &c., &c., &c. All free. Concert (free), 5.50. See (Theatre) 6 and 9, the Fencing Kangaroo, &c., &c. Grand Swimming Entertainments, 3 and 10. Talking and Laughing Seal. The Human Phenomenon eating candles, coal, coke, &c. The National Chrysanthemum Society's Show opens Wednesday.

## *THE LAOCOON OF LABOUR.*

The charge against the coalowners has now taken definite form. They know what is being said of them, and have the remedy in their own hands. The accusation, if untrue, would be base and cruel enough to justify the horsewhip supposing it were made against an individual; for it makes out the masters to be slave-drivers of a peculiarly sordid and inhuman type. It is said that the "lock out" or "strike" (the mere phrase matters nothing) has been deliberately brought about by the owners for two purposes; first, that they may be able to sell their surplus stocks profitably and without the expense of running the pits; secondly, that they may break the Federation in pieces. And these charges which are now prevalent upon all hands are more or less endorsed by a deserter from the masters' cause, Mr. Bayley, M.P., who, with a new-born zeal for justice, has nothesitated to foul his former nest. According to this statement then the colliery proprietors at this present moment are drawing large profits, while miners are starving, and the general public is suffering from a coal famine. If this be so, as we have said before, it is well that we should know it, but so far we have only the evidence of prejudiced parties. To be convinced of a conspiracy so mean, we should require definite evidence, and witnesses above suspicion. For every presumption is against the charges. We are told that the masters demanded 25 per cent. reduction, knowing that the men would not accept it for a moment, and could not live decently if they did accept it. But in Durham and Northumberland the reduction has actually taken place, not all at once, it is true, but over a term of months. Moreover, if the object of the owners was merely to sell off their stocks at famine prices, now that the "deal" is complete, they should be willing, nay anxious, to reopen their pits at the old rates. But they are not. The strike leaders anticipated that thirty or forty thousand men would be back in the pits last week. As a matter of fact, some three thousand only resumed. The masters are acting in unison, and it is plain that they are resolved upon the reduction; whereas upon the conspiracy supposition this demand for a reduction was insincere. All this looks as if the owners were fighting for some principle of their own, whether it be mistaken or not. And it must also be remembered that no one denies the fall in the price of coal during the last two years, and no one disputes the complaint of the colliery owners that profits have fallen off very largely. All things considered, we cannot accept these charges as accurate. We are at a loss to believe so monstrous an accusation. But it has been made, and is being made every day, in print and out of it. The masters owe it to themselves and to the public that it should be refuted. We wait for some one to answer the *Chronicle* and Mr. Bayley, M.P.

The meeting called by the four mayors at Sheffield for to-day may do something towards the solution of what is now a grave national problem. We have never had any desire to under-estimate the importance of the strike. The Dockers' Strike was an event which cut us off from the past and began a new modern epoch. There is more than a chance that the Coal Strike may emphasize the new departure. The cry for "nationalization" had never much volume in this country, but we are already beginning to hear it above the other voices of the night. Such a crisis as this may well be instrumental in giving force and importance to a false economical theory which would do infinite and irremediable damage. We trust that some means will be found to settle the quarrel quietly ere another week goes out; and for that reason we wish the meeting of the mayors well to-day. There is no reason why a compromise should not be effected. The men have done their cause great disservice by their refusal to accept arbitration. We are unable to understand the grounds of their unwillingness. They complained that it was no use to arbitrate since it was a question of fighting for a bare living. This, however, is not true, as in other districts miners have lived, and are living, on a smaller wage. We regret that they should be obliged to, but the fact remains. Arbitrators are appointed by mutual arrangement, and it would be easy for men and masters to settle upon a jury completely unbiassed and open, not only to the persuasion of figures, but also to conviction by the gross facts of the miners' lives. In the end it must come to this, whether it be the mayors who arbitrate or others. The men cannot hold out, and the masters can. And that is the last word as to the ultimate issue of the contest.

## *AT THE MOUTH OF THE KHYBER PASS.*

The two names in India most fascinating to me were Kashmir and Afghanistan. I longed to see Afghanistan even more than I longed to see Kashmir. I knew hosts of men who had been in Kashmir. I knew four or five women who had lived there. I knew two or three men who had been in Afghanistan, but no woman, and the men had not stayed there long, nor had they seen much. One of them was a fairly high official. He had ridden out every morning in Kabul. He was attended by a subservient retinue, provided by the Ameer. When he mounted they salaamed until their foreheads touched their saddle-cloths. If he rode to the right he was followed humbly; if he rode to the left he was stopped humbly, but effectually. "There was cholera in that part of the town. Their master, the Ameer, would command their death did they allow his English brother to catch infection."

All this fired my desire to see Afghanistan. The journey from Rawal Pindi to Peshawar was extremely trying. The weather was vivid—the topography of the country was flat—and it was unrelieved by architecture of any interest. We stopped a few days at Campbellpore, the most uninteresting cantonment in India, in spite of the elephants who salute and salaam, and in spite of the splendid regimental drag. I shall remember the kindness of the "Elephant Battery" when I have forgotten Campbellpore; but at the time Campbellpore was a geographical horror—mitigated by the regiment, but still a horror.

After we left Campbellpore we crossed the Attock Bridge. We tried to think it picturesque, because it was so famous. It was not picturesque, unless the sightseer was endowed with an imagination that saw beauty in any spot superlatively arid.

It never rains at Peshawar; so all the officers of the Scots Fusiliers say. But it was raining when our train crawled into the station, and it rained most of the time we were there. I had

A Petty Triumph at Peshawar,

and a bitter disappointment. I had been told—worse than that, my husband had been told—that I could not go into the native city without the protecting presence of numerous Englishmen. Nevertheless, every day for two weeks I spent several hours in Old Peshawar with only my ayah, our chockera, and our gharri walla and sice. I did not suffer the least inconvenience from my foolhardiness.

To a woman there is nothing more delightful in being in India than the delight of buying, for a few pence, a something that she feels sure will be to her an artistic delight for many years of cultureless Western residence. The Indian artisans, or the Indian artists (for in India the highest art is highly mechanical), lack the fine exactitude and the superlative grace of the Japanese amateurs. But no art is so characteristic as the Indian art. They have inherited everything—they have invented nothing—nor do they appropriate anything. The very rigidity of the Indian caste lines has kept the Indian art lines pure, if it has also kept them crude. When you are in Peshawar you are so near the borderland across which the bravest British soldier goes with more or less trepidation, that the most callous Eurasian "globe-trotter" is justified in feeling himself dangerously near the interesting cradle of Indian art. You can buy a great many things in Peshawar. You can buy two things there that you can buy nowhere else in perfection—waxwork and the skins of snow leopards.

We associate leopards with torrid jungles, but, on the principle that the greatest heat is cold, and the extremest cold hot, the Indian leopards sometimes find their way up to the snows of the Himalayas. The baby leopards that are born there are grey and white, not brown and yellow. They are rare, and still more rarely caught. They are called

"Snow Leopards."

They look as if they were thickly powdered with snow; and they smell of the high, cold hills. I bought the skin of one in Peshawar for forty rupees—about three pounds. It was beautifully marked. The claws were perfect, and the teeth impressive. A few days ago, I was asked ten pounds for the skin of a clawless, toothless snow leopard—a manufactured, European-looking fellow—and I was inclined to doubt if he had seen as much of the Himalayas as I had.

"Waxwork" is more difficult of description. I am too ignorant of Oriental mythology to appreciate the peculiarities of Oriental anatomy as portrayed on Indian purdahs. And the Peshawar waxwork is very anatomical. Three-legged cows follow five-legged cows in the wake of a

## CHURCH NOTES.

The Church Congress of course last week absorbed the attention of Churchmen. "It can hardly be described with truth as 'an old institution,'" writes a correspondent, "and in its early days 'rows' and 'scenes' were frequent. Of late years its proceedings have been dull and decorous, but in the heated atmosphere of Birmingham, and with a not very strong president, there were one or two passages at arms, which of course newspaper correspondents brought into prominence. The Ignatius episode was nothing to what took place in the early days of the Congress at Bristol, when the Bishop of Gloucester and Bristol allowed the monk to speak. The working men's meetings were a great success, and there were many useful discussions on points not reported at length in the daily papers."

The Congress will be memorable for its size, for the extreme ability of its opening sermons—the value and pertinence of the Bishop of Durham's was in every one's mouth—and for the undoubted effect it will have in securing a bishop for Birmingham, a town in which the Church is so weak. The *Record* says the meeting was "an obvious and unquestioned success," and on the other hand High Churchmen are more than satisfied with the position they maintained in a city where Evangelicalism predominates more than in any other part of the country. The comparatively feeble protest when Lord Halifax and the Rev. Charles Gore advocated reunion with Rome as well as with Nonconformity was very significant. The arrangements for the comfort of visitors and for the accommodation of the press were admirable. The Bishop of Worcester's offer to give up £500 of his income for a new See of Birmingham was received with warmth; and Mr. De Winton's suggestion that the portraits of the bishops should be more frequently on the walls in working men's houses might well lead to a movement for informing the working men of the features at least of their chief pastors, who are, however, in these days, to be seen in the flesh all over their dioceses. The Archbishop's statement that there was not a single Bishop who did not give away more than he received should be read, marked, learned, and inwardly digested. His Grace said that when chaplain to Bishop Wordsworth he had said that he thought the bishops too lightly paid, but as the prelate had predicted he had abandoned a youthful heresy.

It was a pity that at the discussion on Re-union no reference was made to a remarkable Liturgy published at the Blantyre Mission of the Church of Scotland on the Nyassa. It has been compiled by Mr. Hetherwick, a most remarkable Presbyterian minister, and contains the cream of the ancient Liturgies. It is far in advance of the Anglican office in its Catholic usages. The Presbyterian church in which Mr. Hetherwick ministers is said to be the finest in Africa, and in it more than once on his travels Bishop Smythies has said his "office."

The Lower House of Convocation of Canterbury has been summoned to meet on November 2 and 3 to consider the Parish Councils Bill. York Convocation has been summoned for the same purpose. When will it be possible to effect so simple a reform as to allow Convocation to sit when Parliament is in recess? The proceedings of the ecclesiastical body would then have some chance of being reported in the daily press.

The Bishopric of Honduras, which has for some time been united to that of Jamaica, has been revived, and the Archbishop of Canterbury has nominated the Rev. George Albert Ormsby, vicar of St. Stephen's, Walworth, as its future bishop. Mr. Ormsby is a graduate of Trinity College, Dublin, where he won distinctions in Hebrew, Syrian, and Chaldean studies as well as in theology. He was ordained in 1866, and held successively the livings of Jarrow and Rainton, in the diocese of Durham, and his present benefice, as well as the Early Morning Lectureship at St. Swithin's, in the City.

The Evangelical party has sustained heavy loss in the death of Sir Arthur Blackwood, whose funeral takes place to-day at Kensal Green.

This afternoon, by postponement from last Monday, the memorial to Archbishop Magee, already described in these columns, will be unveiled in Peterborough Cathedral. In the absence of Earl Spencer the Duke of Rutland will perform the ceremony, which will precede Evensong at which Professor Farrar, Canon of Durham and formerly examining chaplain to Archbishop Magee, will be the preacher. The Bishop and Dean and Chapter, representative clergy from York, the Provost of Trinity College, Dublin, the Dean of St. Patrick's and many well-known clergy, and the chief laity of the diocese will be present.

mightily-turbaned rajah, who sits astride a very peculiarly constructed peacock. I have often had my fragile heart broken by seeing displayed in a London shop the duplicate of some article I had bought in the East—some article I had thought unobtainable in Europe. But I believe I am quite secure in my sole possession of some very fine specimens of Peshawar waxwork. You can buy waxwork in almost every Indian bazaar and in half a dozen London shops, but only the cheaper sorts. The wonderful curtains, teeming with wax representations of Indian life and Indian history; purdahs, over which expert Indian artists spend months and even years, can only be bought, I believe, in two or three shops in Old Peshawar. I bought some wonderful bits of metal work in Peshawar. I have one quaint vessel, so characteristic in its shape that, though it has never been used, I always fancy it smells of, coffee. I bought a marvellous little table of fine Kashmir work, and a marvellous native chair constructed in the coarsest way. The two are typical of the most careful extreme and of the most careless extreme of Indian workmanship.

One day I spent some hours in a shop where I had discovered a fascinating collection of Bokhara work, of skins, and of Afghan weapons. The shop was far back in a dark barn-like building. It was more like an empty granary than anything else. The proprietor rolled up half a dozen skins for me to sit on. Then he sent his servants climbing up bamboo ladders into the garret. They brought down huge rolls of temptation. When I came to pay for what I had bought, my purse was gone. A great excitement ensued, initiated by Ayah and my checkers, both of whom I had taken in with me. We hastened to the gharri, followed by the merchant and all his assistants. Both the gharri walla and the sice were fast asleep, lying across the road some yards from the gharri. About fifty natives, men, women, and children, were crowded about the carriage. They were examining my wrap and a Maltese lace scarf I had carelessly left on the seat. They made way for me good-humouredly; and on the front seat lay my purse. Nothing had gone from it. That was

THE NEAREST TO BEING MOBBED

I ever came in the East. Yet I was told by European women, who had lived for two years or more in Peshawar, that nothing would tempt them to venture into the native city without half a company of soldiers.

You enter Old Peshawar through one of the picturesque, dilapidated gates, to which you become so used in the Orient. As you go on, the streets grow narrower and the natives thicker. There were streets where I saw nothing but pottery, most of it blue and green, all of it very common. It looked very rich and effective a few yards off, but when I went to the booths in which it was displayed it was unmitigatedly ugly. I bought one dish because I thought it was the ugliest piece of pottery I had ever seen. It is made of mud and is very breakable. Strangely enough I managed to bring it safely home, and it even escaped the destructive fingers of the Custom House officers at Liverpool. There were streets, miles long, where I saw nothing but shoes and shoemakers. Most of the shoes were bright red or green, thickly embroidered with tinsel and mock pearls.

A queer zig-zag canal runs through Old Peshawar. It is crossed by bamboo bridges. On the banks, under the blazing sun, sat the sellers of mettie and other Indian sweets. There were piles of countless melons, some of them bursting with their own lusciousness. There were mountains of cocoanuts, and huge heaps of curry stuffs. I stopped to buy a bag of gram, of which I am as fond as an Indian. A high-caste woman came up and bargained with the old man who had the stall for a few pice worth of gram. She wore the graceful red trousers of her caste, and was hidden in the full folds of her white purdah. A naked black baby toddled at her side. He had thick silver bangles on his ankles, and a string of blue beads about his fat waist.

My husband and an officer friend arranged to take me into the Khyber Pass. By the way, the correct spelling of that is Khaibar, but I haven't the courage of my knowledge; I fear no one would recognize the word. The "tum-tum" was packed full of ice. A hamper of provisions was slung beneath. The escort was ready. We were to start at midnight, to avoid as far as possible the fearful heat of the torrid place into which we were going. At ten o'clock we were having a wonderfully nice little supper with some other officers who were going with us on horseback. I remember that I had an oyster on my fork when an orderly came in with a note saying that the commanding officer was extremely sorry, but he could not allow me to go. Only that day Afredeeds had fired upon a non-commissioned officer who was escorting a gun from near the Pass to Peshawar. I sent a return message, pleading very hard for permission to go. But it was refused. My husband might go—if he chose—but the commanding officer was a Queen's servant, and he would not risk, in the slightest way, the life of a woman. I was so disappointed at missing the excursion that the men all gave it up and remained with me in Peshawar. We lingered on in Peshawar for two weeks hoping that the Pass would become safer. But it did not. The war cloud thickened, and I was forced to leave without getting even a passing glimpse of the land of the Ameer. One morning early I rode out with a young officer. We went as near the mouth of the Pass as I could induce my friend to take me. As it was, he said he would be cashiered if we were caught. I had one glimpse of a group of Afredeeds, however; and a fine, manly-looking lot they were, despite their cruel faces.

Peshawar—Peshawar of the cantonments—is dull and vapid. It is reiterated drifts of sand, and since I might not journey into Afghanistan I was glad to leave Peshawar.

## NEW BOOKS.

THE CHURCH OF PORLOCK.

"A History of the Ancient Church of Porlock and of the Patron Saint, St. Dubricius, and his Times." By the Rev. Walter Hook, M.A. (Parker and Son.) It is not often that the inhabitants of a country town are favoured with a really learned history of their church. Porlock is highly favoured, and should be proud of this book. Few rectors of churches patronized by such a saint as Dubricius could be found to write in a sober, critical, historical spirit about one to whom they naturally feel deeply attached. The twelfth century legend of that saint, as written for the edification of the Llandaff congregation, could easily, with a little Protestant padding, have been made to serve the turn of the Porlock congregation. Mr. Hook, however, turns to his Hallam and Stubbs; knows that the one certain fact about Dubricius is that he died in 612, unless the second is that he did not walk and talk with St. Germanus about two hundred years before, and armed with these facts he can deal with the edifying legend as it deserves. The book is, on the whole, free from blunders, but there is one in Appendix A: "Bede cites Gildas, and surnames him 'The Wise.' He does not say much of Dubricius." Neither Bede nor Gildas makes mention of that worthy.

"THE INVADERS OF BRITAIN."

"The Invaders of Britain, an Introduction to the Study of British History." (Simpkin, Marshall, Hamilton, Kent, and Co.) By Preston Weir, B.A.—This sketch of the History of England before the Norman Conquest is a trustworthy little book; and if English schoolchildren have learnt from Mr. York Powell's "Early England" that interesting and even amusing things happened here before William the Conqueror was thought of, and if they wish to know more of those things, let them read Mr. Weir. He avoids the besetting sin of the writers of school-books, the repetition of famous blunders made in former school-books. When we are *not* told that Theodore divided England into parishes we begin to trust our author. Our trust is but slightly shaken when we find that Theodore divided England into dioceses, and appointed a bishop to each, apparently for the first time. The temptation to say that Augustine, when he landed, bore in procession a crucifix is overmastering, cross is such a colourless word. Yet Bede used it. It must, of course, be Dunstan who determined to redress the abuses which had crept into religious houses, for we have all heard of him, and who has heard of Ethelwold or Oswald? The author wavers between a spelling of proper names which at times is pedantic (for example, Ælfred the Great), at times quasi-picturesque (for example, Engle for Angle. Why this? If we are to keep so strictly to the spelling of the Anglo-Saxon Chronicle?) Mr. Weir's book would be strengthened by the omission of his first chapter; it seems a stretch of language to speak of geological eras as invasions, and, if geology must needs come in, to give it only seven pages is unfair.

## OCCASIONAL NOTES.

Thursday's undecided race for the America Cup gave some colour to the assumption that in a drifting match or with a dead-aft wind *Valkyrie* is a better boat than *Vigilant*. Although *Vigilant* won on Saturday by about six minutes (regard being had to the time allowance), it does not of necessity follow that she will win a majority of the five races. Whenever the wind was dead behind and she could use her spinnaker *Valkyrie* made excellent running. But the wind was almost as uncertain as it was on Thursday; it was so tricky that an enormous advantage lay with the *Vigilant*, whose men knew the ground and the manners and customs of the breezes in New York Bay. That alone gave her some minutes. Then the wind veered from side to side, and *Vigilant's* larger spread of canvas told tremendously. There is no reason why Englishmen should despair of an ultimate victory. The weather seems to be breaking up in America, as it is here; and high winds, with rough seas, will probably show our yacht the better sailer of the pair. Her display of Thursday ought to prevent any sort of despondency.

About a fortnight ago, in speaking of M. Zola's address, we observed:—

M. Zola, we think, fails to draw a distinction which, at all events in this country, is made between journalism and literature. Some journalism is literature, no doubt, but a very large number of the daily columns in a newspaper bear no more relation to literature than a tin whistle does to a fiddle.

The statement, no doubt, suffers from the over-obviousness of the truth it enunciates. It does not deny the possibility of literature in a newspaper, but merely asserts that printed matter is not turned into literature by being arranged in columns and sold for a price. We now learn from the *New York Herald*, with a proud but astonished satisfaction, that M. Bourget, "all the American newspapers and men of letters," "President Elliott of Harvard College, and a great number of literary men in Boston and elsewhere have been interviewed by the *Herald*" with reference to this "ridiculous" view of the *Pall Mall Gazette*, while all the leading organs have leading articles upon it, which have been specially telegraphed to Europe.

To say with our contemporary that journalism is literature because Longfellow wrote occasionally in newspapers, is like saying that literature is circus-riding because Anthony Trollope was fond of a day with the hounds. Mr. Arthur Balfour and Mr. Joseph Chamberlain have lately written articles in the *Pall Mall Gazette*. But that no more turns them into journalists than does the proprietorship of the *New York Herald* turn Mr. Gordon Bennett in the remotest sense into a literary man. What was the story of the newspaper proprietor who, being handsomely horsewhipped, hurried to the office at what limping speed he might, with all his blushing bruises thick upon him, in order that his own journal should print the first history of his own dishonour? That was smart journalism, but shall his name therefore stand in the Biographia Literaria? No: journalism is a strong and honourable craft, with great and good work to do. But not M. Bourget, nor President Elliott of Harvard College, nor a great number of the literary men in Boston, nor even the *New York Herald*, shall make us ignore the distinction between literature and journalism, or fail to mark and to observe it in our treatment both of books and newspapers.

The Ameer has received the British Mission, and in a black frock coat and trousers, and suitable terms, has expressed the distinguished satisfaction he feels in receiving an official of Sir Mortimer Durand's high and confidential standing. In suitable terms also Sir Mortimer thanked the Ameer for the civilities with which the Mission has been overwhelmed in Afghanistan. Then the Ameer dwelt on the friendship he has always felt for England, and regretted that he, through ill-health, could not visit the Viceroy, while the Viceroy's duties prevented him from visiting Kabul. All the same we hear that the Ameer's gout has left him, and his general health is also good. Of course his cordiality towards the Mission was no more than ceremonial. We must not by any means imagine that Sir Mortimer Durand has scored his points. Still, it seems that Abdurrahman is going through with the matter seriously, and we may certainly expect some good from the Mission, since the Ameer's friendliness shows that he inclines towards continuing the policy of trust in England which inspired him for a little time after Lord Dufferin's famous durbar.

We tremble in our conscious chair but at the same time we should be spiritless indeed if we did not venture a quavering protest against the conception of an editor that prompted the astonishing outrage on Herr Harich, of the *Berliner Tageblatt*. It may be that an editor who makes statements displeasing to a general and offers to prove them, stands thereby condemned as a low cad (*gemeiner Lump*), but it is asking too much even of an editor that he should himself sign without explanation an affidavit to that effect. Yet this theory seems to recommend itself to the German military mind. For after General von Kirchhof had had his shot at the animal and failed to kill, a brother officer called at the house and asked Herr Harich for the sake of peace and quiet to confess at least that he was a liar. But the editor hardened his heart, and refused even this piece of ordinary courtesy. Thereon Frau Harich was appealed to, but she appeared as deaf to the voice of honour as her husband. There, except that General von Kirchhoff is in custody, the matter now rests. Will not Herr Harich find a way out of the deadlock? It would be a graceful act to write himself down at least a thief or a drunkard, or some sort of scoundrel that would meet the views of both parties.

The news from Matabeleland still prophesies war. We are told that Sir Henry Loch has given Dr. Jameson an entirely free hand, and that Mr. Rhodes—who is Dr. Jameson's superior—has arrived at Fort Salisbury. Moreover, Dr. Jameson has made a full and liberal use of his new freedom: he has put all his eggs into one basket, and will stake the future of Mashonaland (so far as the Company is concerned) upon the issue of a single battle. He has moved the whole of the Fort Charter and Fort Victoria forces to the frontier. There are 800 men, well armed and provided with machine guns. If they can fight in the open, well; but if they fall into an ambuscade we fancy that things will go hard with the Company—in England at any rate. Still, it may be taken for granted that Mr. Rhodes knows that defeat means a practical annihilation of the Company's influence, present or future, in Mashonaland.

Mr. Tom Mann is already in training for the pulpit, and he enjoyed a preliminary canter or rather perhaps tasted first blood, at Hackney last night. He delivered himself of a few observations which were pitifully trite and in the worst possible taste. He has discovered that "the average orthodox man and woman attend church" for worldly motives, a piece of insight which suggests that he is on the road to Canterbury. But if he desires to rise to ecclesiastical eminence he should remember that the pulpit requires a more chastened style of oratory than the platform, and that "cheers" and "hisses" are not the sermon's most appropriate comment. It is easy enough to "sting" the stoidest audience to fury by charging it with hypocrisy. But Mr. Mann is not likely to raise the tone of the Church or to improve his own prospects by giving off platitudes which would shame "General" Booth. On the whole if he cannot show better form in the pulpit than he did at Hackney, he would be more wisely guided if he left theology alone, and continued to devote himself to the solution of economic problems.

Not that Mr. Mann is the only or the worst offender. Mr. Hugh Price Hughes, who is already in some Church or other, had his say yesterday in St. James's Hall at what he calls a "conference," though Mr. Hughes himself seems to do all the conferring. The Rev. T. Charke spoke with much blessedness on the same subject in the Old Kent-road, while the Rev. J. M. Gibbon (whose address, as the *Daily Chronicle* informs a gaping world, is 116, Clapton Common, N.) held forth at Stamford Hill on the text "In everything give thanks." N. S. C. hears Mrs. Browning's words ringing in his ears—

How long, how long, O cruel nation,
Will you stand to move the world on a child's heart?

&c., and encloses 5*s*. The Bromley Baptist Chapel Young Men's Bible Class goes 5*s*. better. Meanwhile public attention is once more riveted on Miss Willard's watch, which has been bought up by Lady Henry Somerset for £5. We hardly know whom to congratulate the more—Lady Henry on the possession of so valuable a relic, or Miss Willard on the compliment implied in the handsome price paid for it. To use the language of football it is a pretty piece of passing; it would be rude to suggest that it is also playing to the gallery.

The humblest warrior in the battle of freedom deserves his meed and it is but fitting that the back-street Hampdens of Prague should not pass inglorious into forgetfulness. Therefore it is with bated breath and a special sense of privilege that we mention the name of Herr Wessely, glovemaker of that city. The part he took in the struggle of the Young Czechs to be free was a modest but none the less useful one. While Gregr thundered from the platform, Wessely went round the streets and smudged over the Imperial eagles on the letter-boxes. Sometimes he did it with red paint, sometimes with black: the symbolism in each case is obvious. It is pleasing to record that his efforts in the cause were not unappreciated among his comrades; a letter was found in his pocket calling him to go on and prosper with his great work. It is painful to record that by the police his efforts were not appreciated. He was arrested yesterday.

An interesting experiment in the administration of the Poor Laws is at present being tried by the authorities of Camberwell. In itself the parish is already unique, in that it can boast of more than one centenarian among its workhouse occupants. The guardians have now determined to give aged married couples an opportunity of living outside the workhouse on adequate allowance, and for the next month old folk will be on trial, the weekly amount being fixed at fourteen shillings as a joint allowance. It has been found that each inmate of the workhouse costs the ratepayers eleven shillings a week; hence the optimists are anticipating a saving to the parish by the experiment. If such should prove the case sentimentalists will not be slow to rejoice, for undoubtedly there are many old couples who prefer starvation together rather than workhouse opulence under separate roofs.

Dr. Wekerle and his colleagues of the Hungarian Ministry are to be congratulated on the progressive successes with which they have opened the session. The reception of their Budget was cordial, though the complications of the Austro-Hungarian currency prevented any very brilliant achievement. The Budget is now followed up by the much more important fact that the Emperor has given his consent to the Marriage Bill introduced by the Cabinet. It will now probably pass, and it will at length be possible for a Hungarian Calvinist to marry a Protestant, and, if necessary, to be decently divorced. No doubt the clericals and high nobility will still fight hard against the reforms. They now rely on their rather foolish amendment, admitting the civil marriage, but depriving it of validity unless supplemented by a religious ceremony. But this, of course, will be strenuously opposed by the majority, and it is not likely to pass.

Crime has its penalties as well as its privileges, and though it is as well that the criminal should expiate his sin on sound diet and in clean air, there are some worthier objects than the perfection of prisons. However, the Howard Society has in the past accomplished a respectable end, and we need not quarrel with its fantastic notion of philanthropy. Only it has carried the coddling of criminals quite far enough. There is no reason why every inhabitant of her Majesty's prisons should be supplied with "warm slippers and hot water can." And if the Howard Society would justify a continued existence, it must find a better task than the redressing of imaginary grievances. Its report, which has just been issued, is neither luminous nor useful. We are glad to note that it would punish cruelty to children with flogging, but so would most people who don't belong to the Howard Society; and now that the prisons of England are more comfortable and better drained than the average hotel, the Howard Society would do well to disperse, and let the world convince itself that the criminal is not necessarily either a hero or a martyr.

Mr. Henry Chamberlain, alias the Earl of Airlie, K.G., alias the Earl of Elgin, K.G., alias Captain Berners, alias Captain D'Arcy Commerell, is a young man of great but perverted genius. He has no notion of paying his railway fares, so he has been in the habit of forging military travelling orders. To pass off the fraud he labelled his trunks in a fashion that most officers would have avoided. But the bonnie Earl of Airlie and Elgin was not detected. His excursions in the military character gave the young man a taste for the pomps and circumstances of war. He walked about in a uniform, and travelled first class from barrack to barrack, ordering inspections, parading companies, watching the firing of guns and gratifying his taste for display by getting the coastguard at Bournemouth to burn a blue light at the head of the pier. The tastes were noble, the method of their satisfaction was mean. The marvel is that the youth was not found out until he inadvertently stole a mackintosh.

The Parnell celebration in Dublin shows a wonderful amount of enthusiasm for what Mr. Sexton and Mr. Healy would have us believe is a forgotten cause and an empty name. Cork alone sent a deputation of 3,700 men, of whom 1,200 were unfortunately left on the railway platform. It is calculated that the procession took an hour and a quarter to pass. Mr. Redmond may be limited to eight followers in the House, but it is obvious that this proportion does not adequately represent his strength in the country. At heart the Irish Home Rulers are Parnellites, and not Irish Whigs or Irish Radicals. The priests have so far managed to secure the allegiance of the majority, but the genuine patriot, especially when he assembles in his thousands, has a sultry contempt for milk-and-water courses. He is a Nationalist, who looks forward to the severance of that last link.

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# The Theatre.

## "UTOPIA (LIMITED)" AT THE SAVOY.

A once not unpopular writer—he was a professional humourist—is said to have invoked the blessing of Heaven upon the British public because it was "so easily amused." Mr. Gilbert did not always behave as if that were his intimate conviction; he seemed to think that his public were worth taking some pains to entertain; but on Saturday night he appeared to be dominated by the "easily amused" belief, and to desire to sustain his credit as a wit with the smallest possible expenditure of originality or ingenuity. This will not do for Mr. Gilbert. His work has been so admirable that he has set up a standard which it is penal for him not to come up to. It may be useful for the mechanic to act upon the line of least resistance; but the policy is never a wise one on the part of the author whose ambition to divert is not bounded by a barren applause. It is to be regretted that in Saturday night's performance Mr. Gilbert aimed so persistently at the line of least resistance that he sought to get as much while giving as little as might be. For it gave to his book not merely a sense of cheapness, but a sense of fatigue, of weariness even to exhaustion. "Utopia (Limited)" is but the scrapings of the platter, the rinsings of the cup. When Lavengro on a famous occasion invited his gipsy pal to drink again the gipsy declined. "I can't, young man, my heart's too full, and besides, the pitcher's empty." Mr. Gilbert's heart may have been full at reunion with his colleague of old time, but his pitcher was wofully empty.

It is always a melancholy business when a writer is driven to imitate himself, to exaggerate his own method, to parody his own mannerisms. There are pages of Thackeray, as there are pages of Dickens, which are pitiful to read in their mirthless travesty of the qualities that had enchanted and amused. Mr. Gilbert, in his degree, has come to the same pass. "Utopia (Limited)" is a mirthless travesty of the work with which his name is most generally associated. It is an unconsciously ironical degradation of the method and the mannerisms that were once so entertaining. The earlier works indeed were inspired by a common spirit, constructed according to the same formula, but the spirit did not flag, the formula did not seem to be mechanical, the result did not seem to be impromptu. With "Utopia (Limited)" it is different. The philosophy of inversion, of veiled cynicism, of sugared suggestion which had served his turn through a dozen operas suddenly fails him with the ominous number. The quips, whims, jests, the theory of topsy-turvey, the principle of paradox, the law of the unlikely, seem to have grown old in a single night. "Dixeris egregie, notum si callida verbum Reddideris juncturа novum." Mr. Gilbert has failed to make the old seem new. It does not at all follow that Mr. Gilbert's fancy is exhausted, that Mr. Gilbert's humour has run dry. The flagging pulses of "Philip" revived in "Denis Duval"; the mimicries of "Little Dorrit" are forgotten in the renewed strength of "Our Mutual Friend." There is no reason why Mr. Gilbert should not again write a brilliant book for a comic opera. There are many reasons why he should. But for the moment he has failed, and failed conspicuously. The pitcher is obviously empty; it needs to be re-filled, and not "with the old familiar juice," but with some stronger liquor.

It is possible, however, that the public, who are, in the main, governed as to their likes and dislikes by sentimentalism, will not note the emptiness of the pitcher, will think only of the fulness of the heart. For them the pith of Saturday night's business will be the renewal of the old alliance. The sight of Mr. Gilbert and Sir Arthur Sullivan wringing each other's hands in front of the curtain will move them to a rapture that has nothing to do with taste, discernment, or logic. Gilbert and Sullivan did delightful work of old in unison; it therefore follows, as the night the day, that Gilbert and Sullivan must do delightful work again when they unite after an interval of some years. Those who are content with the simplicity of this mental process may rejoice over "Utopia (Limited)." They will ignore the signs of strain, the symptoms of effort in the piece; they will disregard the thinness of the story, the obviousness of the situations, the meagreness of the jokes, the decrepitude of the action, the strenuousness of the epigrams. Those who are less easily contented may not be tempted to go so far as to say with the Amazon, "This is the silliest stuff that ever I heard," but they will certainly refuse to be comforted by the maxim of Theseus.

It is very true that the best in this kind are but shadows, and the worst are no worse if imagination amend them. But Mr. Gilbert has left a great deal too much to the imagination of his spectators. He has, it may be said, drawn the outline of a comic opera, but he has left it to the beholders to fill in all that he meant to put in, that he might have put in, that he most certainly should have put in. Even the most extravagant fantasy is bound to have a certain order, a certain sequence, a certain coherence of purpose if it is to be regarded as a work of art. "Utopia (Limited)" has no coherence, no ordered sequence. Nothing comes of anything. Characters appear that promise to amuse or to amaze, and then fall feebly off like an unsuccessful firework. The idea of two ludicrous old men being in love with the pretty princess affords opportunity for a fresh variation upon a theme that has amused mankind from the dawn of time. But the idea is but suggested to be forgotten. Mr. Gilbert has blown his bubble into the air, and lets it burst while he blows another. His different types of progress in England offered, one might think, ample chance for his rarest humour. But he has done nothing with his types: you could hardly tell one from another, the soldier from the speculator, the admiral from the county councillor. The crowning weakness of a weary business is the reproduction of a Court reception, as dull as it would be possible for a real Court ceremonial to be.

It is not surprising that the players suffered from the unfortunate conditions of the play. Mr. Barrington's pomposity of manner and unctuousness of utterance seemed more mechanical than usual in the part of King Paramount. The Lady Sophy of Miss Rosina Brandram was only a pale reproduction of earlier and happier triumphs in the interpretation of the elderly lady. According to Mr. Gilbert this was not the fault of the actress. All that the part allowed her to do she did, but neither grace nor cleverness can accomplish the impossible. Even Mr. W. H. Denny, who is an actor of much expression and varied humour, could not make the formalized fantasy of Scaphio congruously incongruous. He had his flashes of fine eccentricity, but they were inevitably infrequent. Curiosity was, of course, centred on Miss Nancy McIntosh, who played the leading part, the part of the Princess Zara, who revolutionizes the Island of Utopia by the introduction of English civilization. Of Miss McIntosh's singing others shall decide. That she is a pretty woman, and so far an attractive addition to the stage was patent the moment she appeared. But she has a great deal to learn before she can be taken seriously as an actress. Even when the nervousness of a first night and the inadequateness of the part are allowed for liberally, it is impossible as yet to guess whether she has any gift for acting. A number of actors and actresses did their best with parts that were meant to be effective satires, excellent caricatures, but which were little more than outlines, or at the best, distorted shadows. In the lesser parts the only work that gave any special signs of promise was the acting of Miss Edith Johnston as the Utopian maiden Salata, which showed an intelligent animation not always characteristic of the well-drilled subordinate.

## THE MUSIC.

The musical setting of "Utopia (Limited)," carries its own indubitable and final persuasions. It convinces you, in a word, that here Sir Arthur Sullivan has found that for which he has been seeking for years, and that he has solved his own problem of refined yet fully comic opera. We say his own problem, because it was assuredly not the problem already solved by Offenbach and other writers of comic opera which he set out to solve. His standpoint towards comic opera has one peculiarity his own; and through each achievement in that delightful art it has been possible to see whither his ideal has tended, and to gauge the distances by which he has deflected from that ideal. Setting "The Yeomen of the Guard" on one side, which scarcely comes in the category with which we are dealing at present, perhaps "The Mikado" has been hitherto the nearest to complete success. Not that in "Patience" there was not an equal abundance of admirable melody, but in "The Mikado" the sentiment and the humour of the music were more judiciously mingled; in "Patience" there was, if anything, a slight overbalance on the side of sentiment; and though this has proved anything but a drawback in the sum of its subsequent popularity—we mean in the popularity of its detached pieces—this lack of equipoise somewhat disturbed the coherence of the opera as a comic opera, and as a whole comic opera. Now it is this proportion of humour to sentiment which is so admirably conceived and worked out in the new opera. We are not sure, indeed, that there will be found as many detached pieces in it which are separately and independently beautiful as in certain earlier operas of this kind by the same composer. But we are ready to confess gladly that for coherence and unity of design, for a continuous level of refined excellence, for an interminable inspiration of fine humour, the new opera has not its equal in the whole range of the Sullivan and Gilbert series. From start to finish there is the same inimitable abundance of fancy ever restrained to the same due gaiety of level. Humour is, indeed, the pervasive note, a fine humour that never fails in its mode of expression; and the edge of that pervasive humour is gilded as it were by the occasional but not too frequent lapses into pure sentiment. Before we heard the music of the new opera we had thought that Sir Arthur Sullivan had approached as nearly as possible to the ideal which he had set up for himself. We were mistaken; he has never done anything of this kind so well before. As we have said, he has solved his own problem, and we shall be content if he never writes more music of this kind upon a lower level of achievement.

We are not much concerned with a very noticeable fact in this opera—the obvious repetitions of himself which here and there make his audience whisper the single word "Sullivan." Reminiscences there are in abundance, reminiscences of "The Gondoliers" in particular, which are rather closer reminiscences of style than of actual notes. These do not, however, pervade us into profanation. They are part of their creator's gay personality, and it should be remembered, at the moment of hearing, that they have what a modern writer would call antenatal claims to freshness. If there is fault anywhere to find it is in an occasional tendency to rather obvious musical symmetry; and the possibility of prophesying a phrase not yet heard is always a little irritating, even though it were impossible to accuse the phrase of commonplace or lack of refinement.

To come now to individual numbers of the opera, we naturally turn first to the second act, for the composer has artfully built up his effects in the fashion of a climax. And in that act we would principally select for praise, "Then I may sing and play," a number which, being perfectly unconventional and unexpected in its melody, nevertheless has a gaiety, a graciousness, and a loveliness in it which rank it among the most charming passages of Sir Arthur Sullivan's work. And, in view of that praise, we hesitate the less to say the only apparently deliberate bid for mere popularity in the opera will be found in the song that immediately precedes this delightful composition—the song of "The bright and beautiful English girl." The melody is melodramatic, and the refrain too obvious and commonplace, and this in a particularly uncharacteristic manner. The tenor song with which the second act opens is an example of wonderful humour and fun. The air is fine and swinging, for itself; but the passages which indicate that, through love, the tenor cannot do himself justice, are really conceived in a gust of musical humour. As an example of a peculiar kind of fascinating and flowing melody in which the phrases seem to mount over one another in a very easy and fluent motion, set to an accompaniment that reminds one strongly of Gounod, we recall with particular pleasure the duet in the same act between Zara and Fitzbattleaxe, "Words of love too loudly spoken." Goldtorq's song of the first act, "Some seven men form an Association," with a delightful change in the accompaniment, is another interesting example of this composer's fresh and morning humour, expressed now by some jolly counterpoint device, now by the sly introduction of unexpected orchestration, and now by some grotesque reminiscence, as in the sham Christy Minstrel song, where a sudden outburst of "Johnny get your gun" has a laughter all its own in store for the audience. There is no necessity further to limit or expand the general criticism of this notice over separate and individual pieces. Some are below this recorded mark; thus one early song for the King, "A King of autocratic power we," is almost a failure; but with this exception all may be considered rightly to fall within this general description. It only remains to add that in orchestration Sir Arthur Sullivan has never before so well proved his skill, his refinement, above all, his quick instinct. All the singers in this opera well fulfilled their parts; but in this connection one must particularly select for praise the chorus, Miss McIntosh, Miss Brandram, and Mr. Charles Kenningham.

## VON DER GOLTZ PASHA.

Baron von der Goltz's five years' term of service with the Ottoman army came to an end in June, and the strenuous endeavours of the Padishah have failed up to now to induce the General to renew his engagement. The Sultan is not specially desirous of keeping Von der Goltz, for he is not allowed to render real service; but his Majesty is specially desirous that he should not leave, for fear of what he might relate of his experience in Turkey. Von der Goltz Pasha was thoroughly discontented with his position long before his five years had expired. He was hampered and thwarted on every hand; by the jealousy of his Turkish colleagues on the staff; by the purposely undefined nature of his duties; by the frequent reports made to the Sultan about him by the spies. When prior to the expiration of his contract he was sounded as to its renewal, he stipulated that his sphere of duty should be well defined, and that he should not be obstructed in the fulfilment of it. Such an idea is inconceivable to the Turkish official mind, and the answer, of course, was, "Are you not regularly paid?" The Turkish official, civil or military, "travels light," so to say, in the matter of moral baggage. Personal dignity is sufficiently safeguarded by a staid manner easy to acquire; it is a form of which the simple outline is not complicated by any background of self-respect or sense of duty, which at the best are only impediments to freedom of action. A Turk simply wants his pay and pickings, and General Von der Goltz's notion about having a duty to perform and being allowed to perform it was regarded only as an artful way of asking for a higher salary. Accordingly a higher salary was offered, on condition that Von der Goltz Pasha signed a seven years' contract. This he refused point blank; then the Sultan came down to five years, which was also refused. Then Abdul Hamid telegraphed to the German Emperor, begging him to order the General to remain in Turkey. The Emperor replied that he was unable to comply with this request, but that, to please the Sultan, although it cost him much to dispense at the present juncture with so useful an officer as General Von der Goltz, he would extend the General's leave of absence for three years. The Sultan read this as an order to the General to remain for three years longer in his service, and issued an Iradé straight off for a new contract for three years to be drawn up. But when the General was asked to sign it he refused, reiterating his original stipulations and declaring that he would not remain in Turkey another week unless these were accepted. As to a contract, he would only sign one for six months, renewable from half-year to half-year if the conditions he insisted upon were maintained in good faith. This answer put the Commander of the Faithful out of temper, and he sent a chamberlain to the German Chargé d'Affaires to request him to prevent Von der Goltz Pasha from leaving the country. The Chargé d'Affaires replied that all he could do was to withhold the General's passport; the General, however, denies his right to do so.

So matters stand; it may be usefully remarked here that it is erroneous to suppose that the Sultan is desirous of having an efficient and well-organized army. He likes to have a strong garrison for his personal defence in the capital, and this he keeps "sweet" by regular pay, gratuities, and various methods of pampering. But he has as much horror of a strong army as he has of a strong navy; either the one or the other might revolt at any time. His Majesty is much more afraid of his own army, which might kill him, than of an invading army, at whose hands he would not be at all likely to meet his death. As to an army for the purpose of really resisting invasion, the idea is absurd: such an army only irritates the invader and makes him exigent and relentless, rendering the terms of peace more onerous.

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# Correspondence.

## DIRIGIBLE TORPEDOS.

*To the* Editor *of the* Pall Mall Gazette.

Sir,—In your interesting notice yesterday I am mentioned as an enthusiast seeking to place the above torpedoes on battle-ships. This is entirely due to the imagination of Captain Eardley-Wilmot, Royal Navy. The nation has deputed the War Office to undertake the defence of our coasts, and in a letter to the *Times* I drew attention to some experiments about to be made by the Royal Engineers with a formidable weapon, the Brennan torpedo, in launching it from one of their steamers in order to supplement their system of shore defence by taking the offensive in our coast waters if an occasion offered. I am told that this torpedo has a range of two miles, and drives through the sea at over thirty miles an hour. It was hardly fair to distort this information into a system of armament for battleships; but the design succeeded, and you announce me as an enthusiast, and no doubt other newspapers will fall into the same error.

My view is that the Royal Navy sadly needs a great increase in ships, officers, seamen, and stokers. It is our first line of defence all over the world as well as at home. We should, all of us, navy and army, strive individually and collectively for this increase, and when that much-needed end is accomplished, it will be time to try to stop the War Office in its endeavour to defend our coasts with all the means at its disposal.—Your obedient servant,

*Army and Navy Club, Oct.* 6. Edward Palliser.

## FRANCE ON THE ROAD TO RUIN.

*To the* Editor *of the* Pall Mall Gazette.

Sir,—In reply to D. P. M.'s letter in your issue of the 6th inst. commenting upon my article entitled as above, will you allow me to say that the views expressed are new compared with the old set of arguments which carried free trade? But if he will investigate them he will find them logical and in accordance with actualities. The first point, for example, that the unprotected industries have to provide the expenses of the nation—by which, of course, I mean the national or State expenses—*plus* the maintenance of those engaged in protected industries, is, and must be, true, for the following reasons:—The protected industries have been protected by special import duties, on the plea that if they were to sell their products at the same price as foreign competitors the producers would have no profit, but a loss. If this plea is not always honest and true when protection is demanded, it is pretty sure to be true when the protective system is in full swing. Reduced to figures the proposition becomes very simple. Let 100 stand for the aggregate value of a protected manufacturer's production taken at the universal price—that is, the price of foreign competitors; then let us suppose that the plea for protection is a genuine one and that the production of the 100 has cost the manufacturer 110, and that the State grants him a protection of 10, bringing the selling price up to 120. It is, then, evident that in order to produce capital to the extent of 100 the manufacturer has consumed capital to the extent of 110. Were it not for the extra price which the State allows him to charge by keeping foreign goods out through the duties, this loss of 10 would fall on the manufacturer. As it is, in France the loss of 10, plus the profit of the manufacturer, is levied on the consumers, who pay 20 per cent. more than they would have done under a free trade system, and ten of this twenty are pure loss—pure destruction of capital. This being the case with all the protected industries, these do not produce wealth, but consume it; and what each protected profit-making manufacturer sacrifices to the others comes out of that portion which he has levied on the consumers. Consequently, as there is no other source from which the above loss and the profit of the manufacturer can possibly come, the whole burden falls on the unprotected industries—that is, those who work for export, be their products nominally protected or not. It takes the shape of high cost of living, high rent, high taxes, high cost of production, and low selling price abroad or else reduced export. This will, I hope, make the second point entirely clear—namely, that the number of wealth-producers decreases in the same ratio as the industries of the country become actually protected industries.

It will also be evident that the protected industries, so long as they work with a profit to the manufacturers, contribute nothing to the State expenses. Whatever they pay in direct or indirect taxes is only a small portion of what they levy themselves on the people. Thus, if a protected manufacturer's profits are 100,000 f., and he pays taxes to the extent of 10,000 f., he is in the position of a tax-collector who pockets 90 per cent. of what he collects and only accounts for 10 per cent.

If "D. P. M." will re-examine his illustration of the lump of sugar, and measure its value in sugar instead of in money—that is to say, in sugar at the natural price—he will find that, according to his example, more sugar would be consumed than produced.

The most dangerous defenders of protection could not and would not deny the above propositions. They base their argument on a host of suppositions with regard to *keeping the money in the country*, fostering industries, supplying employment to the labouring classes, &c., all of which are, point by point, contrary to facts.—I am, Sir, your obedient servant,

*October* 6. A. Egmont Hake.

*To the* Editor *of the* Pall Mall Gazette.

Sir,—Will the following proposition express Mr. Hake's meaning and explain it to D. P. M.? Let the wealth of a country be $x$, the power of production under unhampered conditions, that is, the potential addition to wealth, $y$, and the protected production (admittedly dearer = *less*, less wealth) $y-z$, then we arrive at this:—

$$x+y:x+y-z=x-z$$

that is, the road to ruin!—Yours faithfully, Geo. Haller.

*Park Village West, Oct.* 6.

## THE LIBERAL CHURCHMEN'S UNION.

*To the* Editor *of the* Pall Mall Gazette.

Sir,—A letter, signed by (so-called) Liberal Churchmen, and addressed to Mr. Gladstone in favour of Home Rule, appeared a short time since in your pages. Among the official names signed as representing the members of the Liberal Churchmen's Union appears that of Rev. H. R. Wakefield, Vicar of Sandgate. Now Mr. Wakefield wrote to the *Folkestone Herald* of March 25 last, and after denying any knowledge of a meeting of Liberals that was held at his house, continues thus:—

"(3) I am *not* in the secrets of the Liberal party, *but I am, and always have been, a firm supporter of our present member.*"

Sir E. Watkin (the member referred to) on the important occasion of the second reading of the Home Rule Bill (departing from his usual practice of being "absent unpaired") made a point of being present and voting against it, thus fulfilling his pledges to his Conservative constituents made in 1885, 1886, and 1893. How Rev. Wakefield can sign the address congratulating Mr. Gladstone on the passing of the bill when he is at the same time a "firm supporter" in this constituency of a Unionist and a man who voted against the very Home Rule Bill referred to might be left to his conscience to answer if he were simply speaking as a private individual; but as a member of Executive, holding official representative position in the L.C.U., it justifies in bringing him and his colleagues to the bar of public opinion. His colleagues—for his signature vitiates the document, shows the utter humbug of the whole thing, and suggests the question, "How many more of the representative officials signing this document pose as Liberals in the London press and support Unionists or Conservatives in their own constituencies?"—Yours truly,

*Folkestone, Oct.* 7. J. R. H. Toms.

## ON STRIKE.

*To the* Editor *of the* Pall Mall Gazette.

Sir,—Forty miners' wives have arrived in London with the object of making collections in the streets. I am an "unemployed," and have a wife and family consequently in want. If I attempted to make a collection in the street on their behalf, I should be dealt with as a rogue. Yet my distress is beyond my control, theirs is caused by their refusal to work!—Yours obediently,

*Hammersmith, October* 2. H.

# REVIEWS.

## "THE SCALLYWAG."*

THERE is, we are assured, an English reading public that requires to be amused. This may be so, but we are convinced that there is also an English reading public of a less exacting nature. Large print, an easy style, and certain stock situations and sentiments are all that are demanded by the subscribers to a provincial circulating library, and it is to this tolerant audience that such books as the "Scallywag" address themselves. They are difficult to review fairly, for they leave no impress upon the mind; it is absurd to be severe, and impossible to be sympathetic; they cannot do much harm to any one who can find pleasure in reading them. No one could hazard the suggestion that they could do any good; indeed the most serious charge we should bring against them is that they demoralize the imagination by perpetually presenting things as they are not.

Mr. Grant Allen makes his hero the insolvent heir to an ancient baronetcy, and this circumstance so dazzles the mind of a Jewish money-lender that he assists him to a very considerable extent by unsecured loans.

There is a railway accident in a tunnel whereby the hero and heroine would have perished but for the opportune intervention of the benevolent money-lender. The ship in which the villain is escaping is wrecked in a fog off Plymouth, and the villain is cast ashore a corpse, of course at the feet of the man he has betrayed. This is what we expect at the Adelphi when we spend an evening there, but Mr. Grant Allen might provide his readers with something better than this somewhat boisterous melodrama.

The style also leaves a great deal to be desired: there is an individual who is always described as "the blonde young man," and there is an almost feminine indulgence in capital letters on every page.

* "The Scallywag." By Grant Allen. (Chatto and Windus.)

## AN IMPOSSIBLE DETECTIVE.

"IF ever I should want the services of a man endowed with the highest attributes of the detective's art I should send for you, Donovan." So said Sir Vincent Pickering in "From Clue to Capture," by Dick Donovan (Hutchinson and Co.). Sir Vincent did require the services of a detective, and it was Dick Donovan he sent for; but had he summoned the village constable he would have had his case more intelligently investigated. Dick Donovan as a sleuth-hound seems to have gone blind, lame, and deaf. Sir Vincent had lost a unique relic, "a massive silver dagger, the handle of which was roughly set with precious stones." It disappeared after a party, at which "Professor Betterson, the well-known scientist and archæologist" delivered a discourse, as professors will, upon the dagger, to the admiring and attentive audience. The professor was the last person with the dagger in his keeping. The professor was a man of unsullied honour, of world-wide reputation, greatly endowed, full of noble thoughts, a gentleman in the truest sense of ths word; and there was in the house at the time of the robbery a disreputable valet, who had to be discharged the next day. Upon whom did suspicion fall, the professor or the valet? To make any story at all, the suspicion for the time has to rest on the professor, and the skilful detective does not learn of the existence of the valet, who, of course, was the real thief, before he has gone and let the professor know that Sir Vincent is prepared to regard him as a criminal. Most of the stories in this latest work of Dick Donovan's simply obtain the interest of the reader by false pretences. The explanations are so absurd that one regrets having been sufficiently confiding to ever follow the intricacies of the problems from which the author extricates himself by such far-fetched methods. There is no such thing as a chain of reasoning. Any links which would have been difficult to get are simply ignored. For instance. There is in the Borough an old untenanted house, where a certain gang of highly melodramatic thieves, called the Black Brotherhood, meet with hoods over their heads, a bowl and a naked dagger on the table, and an oath of initiation as terrible as anything ever heard at the Surrey Theatre. Our detective discovers all this by watching through a hole in the floor overhead. He explains somewhat vaguely that he obtained entrance to the house "by means of a false key," but leaves unmentioned the supernatural control he must have had over angles of visions before he could have seen so comparatively large an area through the aperture which is predicated.

## BOOKS RECEIVED.

BETHAM-EDWARDS, M. *The Curb of Honour.* (A. and C. Black.) 8vo, cloth. Pp. 336. Price 6s.
A novel.

COOK, EDWARD T. *A Popular Handbook to the National Gallery.* (Macmillan and Co.) 8vo, half bound. Pp. xxiv., 832. Price 14s.
The fourth edition, carefully revised, entirely rearranged, and greatly enlarged. The pictures are now enumerated in the biographical and descriptive catalogue in their numerical order.

GALTON, GWENDOLEN DOUGLAS. *A Step Aside.* (Horace Cox.) 8vo, cloth. Three volumes. Price 31s. 6d.
A novel.

HAZLITT, W. CAREW. *The Coinage of the European Continent; with an Introduction and Catalogues of Mints, Denominations, and Rulers.* (Swan Sonnenschein and Co.) 8vo, cloth. Pp. xviii., 554. Two hundred and fifty illustrations.
"An introduction to the more exact and complete knowledge of the Continental series of European coins, and to an approximate estimate of what a collection of such a nature embraces and represents."

JACOBS, JOSEPH (Editor). *More English Fairy Tales.* (David Nutt.) 8vo, cloth. Pp. xvi., 244. Illustrations by John D. Batten.
A companion volume to "English Fairy Tales." "I shall be much disappointed," says Mr. Jacobs, "if the present collection is not found to surpass the former in interest and vivacity, while for the most part it goes over hitherto untrodden ground."

LANG, ANDREW (Editor). *The True Story Book.* (Longmans, Green and Co.) 8vo, cloth. Pp. xvi., 338. Numerous illustrations. Price 6s.
Though fiction is undeniably stranger and more attractive than truth, yet true stories are also rather attractive and strange now and then."—Extract from Editor's Introduction.

LITTLE, W. J. KNOX, M.A. *Sacerdotalism, if Rightly Understood, the Teaching of the Church of England.* (Longmans, Green and Co.) 8vo, paper covers. Pp. 64. Price 1s.
The first part of Canon Knox Little's answer to Archdeacon Farrar, dealing with Confession and Absolution.

MOORE, F. FRANKFORT. *A Gray Eye or So.* (Hutchinson and Co.) 8vo, cloth. Three volumes. Price 31s. 6d.
A novel.

PAYN, JAMES. *A Stumble on the Threshold.* (Horace Cox). 8vo, cloth. Pp. 336. Illustrations.
The second edition of a story in one volume.

PICKERING, PERCIVAL. *A Life Away.* (Bliss, Sands, and Foster.) 8vo, cloth. Three vols. Price 31s. 6d.
A novel.

STEEL, FLORA ANNIE. *Miss Stuart's Legacy.* (Macmillan and Co.) 8vo, cloth. Three vols. Price 31s. 6d.
A novel.

SWEETMAN, ELINOR. *Footsteps of the Gods, and Other Poems.* (George Bell and Sons.) 8vo, cloth. Pp. 98. Price 6s. net.
Three hundred copies only of this work have been printed.

WANKLYN, THE REV. J. H., M.A. (Editor). *The Lessons of Holy Scripture appointed by the Church of England. . . Severally illustrated by thoughts in verse, gathered from about 500 writers, and adapted and arranged opposite the full text of every Lesson.* (Bemrose and Sons.) 8vo, cloth. Pp. 428.
The first of eight volumes.

You have tried and were pleased with them. They stimulate the liver, regulate the bowels, and improve the complexion. CARTER'S LITTLE LIVER PILLS. Of all Chemists, 1s. 1½d.

# THE HAPPIEST REGION IN EUROPE.

## AROUND TEGERNSEE.

BAVARIAN Highlanders are proverbially a happy race, and the happiest among them are those who live around Tegernsee. Perhaps that is why a sojourn in that district is so delightful. *La joie de vivre* is in the very air, and no one quite escapes its influence. The natives go about their work in the most contented fashion, and beam with goodwill on all chance passers-by. "Gott grüss, Gott grüss" re-echoes on every si de, for no man, woman, or child is ever allowed to go ungreeted. Even the farmers do not grumble. In the midst of the heaviest downpour they have never a doubt but that the sun is just going to shine, and they can see a cloud in the bluest of skies if it be rain that is wanted. I once spent a summer in Bavaria, the wettest, coldest summer the south has seen these fifty years. For three weeks I was rainbound and fogbound in a little farmhouse which lies high up a mountain miles away from civilization. The rain fell in torrents, sweeping everything before it, until it seemed as if the house itself would be carried away. The people who lived there were poor; they counted on the yield of two barley fields in the valley for everything they had beyond the barest necessities. And this barley was cut only a few hours before the great rain began. When the fog lifted not a trace of the crop was to be seen! An English farmer would have cursed and sworn, or have sunk down in despair; a Frenchman would have rent the very air with his lamentations. The Bavarian merely remarked, "It's hard on the Mutter;" and then he straightway set to work to make me understand how very much worse things might have been.

### THE VILLAGE AND ITS HISTORY.

At Tegern itself the sun seems always to be shining, no matter how dull the weather may be in the mountains around. There is hardly a lake in Europe which can vie with Tegernsee in colour. The water is the brightest and sunniest of blues, the sort of blue that makes one think of gold, and wonder where the wavelets can have caught their glitter. All round the shore are dotted tiny villages—St. Quirin, Gmund, Egern, Tegern—each one of which stands out with startling distinctness as a bright patch of colour. For the houses are white, with green shutters and doors, and the gardens in which they stand are just masses of flowers of the most brilliant hue. There are blue irises, great violet lilies, purple petunias, tulips, and, above all, scarlet geraniums of every possible shade. Beyond the gardens lie cornfields; and beyond these, stretching far up the mountain, great meadows where orchids and blue gentian grow wild. Then comes the lower forest region, with the beech and ash, and the ground covered with wild honeysuckle. A thousand feet higher the only trees are firs and pines, and even they are thin and stunted, and soon yield place to dwarf shrubs, Alpine roses, and edelweiss. The forest-covered mountains, as the Walberg and the Leonardstein, are thrown into bold relief by the snow-capped Blauberg and the higher Alpine ranges, which tower above them gaunt and grey. Hundreds of silvery streams, and wild, elfish little torrents come tumbling down from the heights, springing and jumping, and catching sunbeams as they fall. They twine about in the oddest fashion, pausing in their course from time to time to form cascades and tarns; but sooner or later they all make their way into the lake at Tegern.

The village of Tegern owes its origin to two Burgundian princes who, in the eighth century, founded there a Benedictine monastery, and endowed it with great wealth. The monks seem to have thought more of adding acre to acre than of carrying out their founders' wishes. At least, by the year 918 they owned 1,186 goodly farms; and "the Abbot, on his journey to Rome, lodged every night in one of his own houses." Little wonder Duke Arnulf, who reigned in these regions, suppressed the Order. He was no match, however, for the Benedictines. They soon won back their abbey, and held it right up to 1803. It then passed into the hands of King Max of Bavaria, whose grandson, Duke Karl Theodor, is now its owner. There is no special beauty about the abbey, for the present building was only erected about 150 years ago, a time when the Benedictines had lost as a criminal. Most of the stories in this latest work their skill as architects. The centre of the building has undergone little alteration since the old monastic days, and is now used as a church. The southern wing is the residence of the Duke, while the northern has been turned into a brewery. This the Duke works, for his pedigree is longer than his purse, and he is always in want of money for the new hospitals he has built. Nor is the brewery his only business undertaking: he also "runs" a large hotel, two farms, and a bakery. These trades, it is true, he carries on only by deputy, all his own time being devoted to practising as an oculist.

### WILDBAD KREUTH.

The Duke's Hotel, or rather Hydropathic Establishment, is at Wildbad Kreuth, about eight miles from Tegern, on a great plateau, high up on the side of the Hohlenstein, a frontier mountain between Bavaria and Tyrol. This Kreuth is one of the most ancient health-resorts in Europe; for the Benedictines, discovering in very early days that its spring possesses certain curative qualities, built a hospital there for their invalids. The walk from Tegernsee to Kreuth is wonderfully beautiful. The path lies at first through the meadows, and then winds up the hill, crossing and recrossing rivulets without number. All around are lofty mountains, no two of which are of the same form or colour, whilst at their base is the blue lake. Scattered about on the mountains, just where one would least expect to find them, are Sennhütte—that is, little farmhouses, in which the herdsmen live who tend the highland cattle. These people are completely cut off from the rest of the world for the greater part of the year, and it is only during the summer months they ever see the face of a visitor. About a quarter of a mile from the hotel is the Könighaus, a château in which most of the impecunious royalties of Europe have stayed at one time or another, for Duke Karl Theodor lends it to such of them as need a change and cannot afford to pay for it. At Kaltenbrunn, the duke's farm in the valley, some interesting agricultural experiments are being tried, and at Bauer in der Au, which is nearly 3,000 ft. above the sea, cattle-rearing and dairy-farming are carried on under the Duke's directions on quite an extensive scale.

### ROUND ABOUT.

Tegernsee is a capital resort for tourists with a taste for climbing, for there they have close at hand mountains of all heights, from those a man may saunter up before breakfast, to those—as the Blauberg, the Guffert, or the Zugspitze—which, if he venture up at all without a well-trained guide he does so at the risk of his life. People who cannot or will not walk, however, should think twice before going to this region, for nature never intended it for such as they. Still, the Grasse Paraplui and the Kleine Paraplui, two great summer-houses near the lake, have been built for their special benefit; and there are lovely drives in the neighbourhood. One of the prettiest of these is to the Falls of Entenrottack, at the foot of the Walberg, where a number of streams join forces and come rushing down the mountain side, splashing and dashing as a veritable torrent. From there a path leads to Kaiserklauser, where the peasants from miles around assemble in their picturesque costumes on St. Bartholomew's Day, and hold high festivities. They dance those strange ring-daaces in which Southerners delight, and perform all sorts of quaint rites and ceremonies to a zither accompaniment. Another favourite drive is straight up the Tyroler road to Glashütte, a few poverty-stricken little cottages clustering around an odd, bare-looking church. This is all that remains of what, a thousand years ago, was a town of some importance, the headquarters of the glass manufacture, which the monks of Tegern carried on.

Just beyond Glashütte the aspect of the country changes, for Tyrol begins, and there one is again in the land of cares and troubles, and the Happy Region is left behind. Achensee, a dark, gloomy-looking lake just across the frontier, has nothing in common with sunny little Tegernsee; and the Tyrolers differ strangely, both in appearance and character, from the Bavarians, who live only a mile or too away. Tourists with a fancy for seeing happy faces around them will do well to linger on the Bavarian side of the Alps.

"A Shilling's-worth of All Sorts" (Cassell) is a volume of short tales with a somewhat misleading title, for we defy any reader to discover more than one sort, viz., a rather indifferent sort.

BORD'S PIANOS.—25 per cent. discount for cash, or 15s. per month (Second-hand 10s. 6d. per month), on the THREE YEARS SYSTEM. Illustrated list free of CHAS. STILES and CO., 4d, Southampton-row, Holborn, W.C. Pianos exchanged.

# SCIENCE NOTES.

TWO pamphlets by Sir Spencer Wells, which have just made their appearance, may be commended to public notice. One is "The Prevention of Preventable Diseases," being a lecture delivered last May in Glasgow and the other is called "Cremation and Cholera," being the reprint of an article which first appeared in the *Forum*.

From bacteriology—as from Africa—something new is ever expected. The last discovery is that by certain treatment and conditions the physiological character of bacilli, which is supposed to be a finite means of identification, may acquire not only permanent but hereditary modifications. Thus a small addition of potassium dichromate to a culture containing anthrax, or to broth infected with anthrax-blood, will have the effect of producing a sporeless race of microbes. Dr. Phisalix has produced the same result by cultivating successive generations of *B. anthracis* at 42 deg. C. Portions of each successive culture were transferred to fresh culture, and still kept at the same temperature, the process being continued for twenty-five generations, during a period of five months. The twelfth generation was sporeless, unless it was passed through the body of a mouse; but the fourteenth generation established a race permanently incapable of producing spores. It is known that sunlight has the effect of discolouring and otherwise modifying certain varieties of bacteria, and it adds a rather serious complication to the study if forms widely differing from the normal, and therefore difficult of recognition, can be produced by an apparently simple alteration of conditions. The only comforting point is that the twentieth generation of the above-mentioned "asporogène" authrax was a totally harmless creature as regards animals.

An interesting addition has been made to the menagerie of the Natural History Museum at Paris in the shape of two lizards of the species heloderm, so called from the stud-like excrescences which adorn its body. This reptile is unique in several respects. To begin with, it is the only known venomous lizard, its bite resembling that of a viper in its effects. Small animals and birds are killed by it speedily, and Sir John Lubbock in 1888 communicated to the Zoological Society the case of a human being who died from the same cause, in spite of all remedies and attention. The heloderm inhabits the hot, arid regions of Mexico and the neighbouring American territory, and is nocturnal, or semi-nocturnal, in its habits. In a wild state it attains a length of 39 inches or more.

The legend of the Wandering Jew, which exists so pertinaciously all over Europe, seems likely to be cleared up, among other romances, by the doctors of the Salpêtrière. A work recently published by M. Meige deals very fully with the legend and with its remarkable ubiquity, which is attributed to the fact that the wanderer was not a myth but an entity—or rather a succession of entities. Wandering Jews are not unknown at the present day. They bear a remarkable similarity to each other in respect of clothing and feature; they mostly hail from the same source, the borders of Poland and Germany; and their moving principle is "neuropathology." Cartophilus and Ahasuerus have their modern counterparts in Moise B——and Gottlieb M——, both "neuropathes" who have passed through the Salpêtrière in the course of their ceaseless wanderings, seeking relief. The photographs show men of downcast, furrowed countenances, with long beards and strongly-marked features, aged beyond their years. They are striking figures, and their disease is that they cannot be still. Wherever they try to settle down the lust for moving seizes them, and on they go in obedience to an uncontrollable impulse. Moise began wandering at the age of sixteen. In the course of his travels he married at Buda-Pesth, and had three children there. But he could not rest for all his longings. By an instinct of sentiment he removed his family to Jerusalem, and there he left them, returning once in every five years. He is of a hirsute repellent appearance, forcibly recalling the early pictures of his predecessor, who was without doubt (according to Mr. Meige) only another neuropath traveller, wandering continually, here to-day and gone to-morrow, followed by a second, perhaps a third and fourth, all tending to preserve the personality and the legend of the man who mocked Christ on his way to the cross.

Herr Alfred Möller, says *Knowledge*, has been conducting a series of observations at Blumenau, upon the economy of those leaf-cutting ants described in "The Naturalist in Nicaragua," and he finds that they not only cultivate fungi, but also that they have by judicious selection evolved a specially suitable variety, with swollen lateral branches. The fungus garden is an enclosure, protected from the light, whither the strips of leaf are taken, and where they are crushed up by the jaws of the ants to supply their crop with organic food. So efficient is the weeding out of unsuitable material by these little horticulturists—they deserve rather to be called bacteriologists—that some of the earth of the garden, grown in a nutritive solution, gave a perfectly pure culture, free from all bacteria. The ants appear to subsist entirely on their specialized fungus knobs.

The same journal contains an extremely interesting article by Mr. Ranyard on the photosphere, or what ordinary people speak of as the sun—namely, the glowing sphere which encloses the supposed nucleus of the solar nebula. Two large photographs by Dr. Janssen show the apparent formation of the sun's surface, which is mottled all over, as Mr. Ranyard suggests, like the cirrus clouds in a mackerel sky. The nature of the solar flames and their intensity afford material for many scientific heresies, and considering the dispute which exists on earth as to what is the correct method of measuring an arc-light, it does not really assist much to be told that "the brilliance of the solar surface does not greatly exceed the brightest incandescence of the most refractory bodies obtainable by means of the electric current." Mr. Ranyard concludes, from his own and other people's observations, that the temperature of the sun's coronal region cannot exceed 10,000 deg. C.

The *New Review* contains an interesting article on "Weather Forecasts," by Mr. Robert H. Scott, which will open the eyes of those who maintain that weather prophets should be included among writers of fiction to some of the difficulties which surround the study. It should also encourage the faithful few who believe in forecasts that, taking the results obtained over the eleven districts of England, Scotland, and Ireland, between 1879 and 1891, an average of 45.5 per cent. were absolutely correct, and 34.8 partially correct; giving a total of 80.3 per cent. which may be considered successes. Of the failures an average of 6.6 per cent. were total, and 13 per cent. partial. The best results were obtained over the south of England, where 85 per cent. in all may be regarded as having been successful. The least successful districts are, in order of demerit, the west of Scotland, the south of Ireland, and then the north of Ireland and the north-west of England. The least successful forecasts are therefore those of our exposed west and north-west coasts.

*Nature* contains a lengthy description, by Mr. Kumagusu Minakata, of the early Chinese and Japanese astronomical mythology. The classificatory terms are almost as peculiar in their way as those affected by the printing community. A group of stars is called a "Seat." With Polaris as the centre, the heavens are divided radially into twenty-eight "Inns," each containing a typical constellation from which it derives its name. The objects of earth are reproduced in the names of the stellar groups. Sing (a star) being identified with Tsing (the spirit). "The body grows on earth, and its spirit is perfected in the heavens." Thus the Emperor, the Empress, and the whole of the Court circle figure prominently in the arrangement, together with all the objects that pertain to domestic life: agriculture, buildings, occupations, civil and topographical divisions, and even philosophical and theological notions. In the last connection, "positiveness, virtue, prodigy, fate, fortune, wrong, &c.," all have a counterpart in the celestial arrangement and nomenclature.

A German professor has made a somewhat interesting suggestion with reference to the subsidence of finely-divided matter held in suspension in liquids. This is that clarification is assisted by the addition of some acid, base, or salt which will act as an electrolyte. The action is far from clear, and indeed is not entirely reconcilable with certain known facts; but if the mere addition of an electrolyte will cause precipitation in turbid water, there are many cheap salts, such as calcium or magnesium chloride, which might be used to purify waste water from manufacturing processes. It has been suggested that the formation of a delta, on contact of a turbid river with the saline sea, might to some extent be ascribed to the same action.

# THE WARES OF AUTOLYCUS.

A warm sunny day and no wind probably accounted for the great gathering in the Park after church yesterday. Down the Row scarcely a seat was vacant, while the promenaders were as numerous, if not so smart, as in the season. Society, seeing the number of fashionable women in town yesterday, was but poorly represented. Young men, however, were fairly numerous. Mr. Ernest Becket represented the House of Commons, Mr. Ronnie Moncrieffe the Turf, Captain Arthur Somerset the Army, and Mr. Arthur Levita the Bachelors' Club. A few well-known faces were met with about the Park precincts or seen in the neighbouring squares, a proof that, if not in residence, many people were passing through London. Prominent among these were the Duke and Duchess of Devonshire.

Of the costumes worn there is not much to be said. The prevailing note was one of indecision. They were not summer garments, nor were they winter ones; neither were they distinctly autumnal in character. They seemed to combine a little of all three seasons. No one apparently had thought fit to put on their new clothes, always supposing they had any. A summer gown, a spring mantle, and a winter hat went to make up many toilettes, and occasionally, by way of variety, the order was reversed. Smart autumn coats that we see so much of in the shop windows were conspicuous by their absence, as were the jaunty gored skirts, which we are taught to believe are *de rigueur*. There were a few tailor-made gowns with coats to match. One in fawn-faced cloth had a light waistcoat. A severely cut black gown had a chilly-looking vest and ample revers of chalk-white, which made one shiver even in the bright sunshine. Quite a third of the women seemed to be in deep mourning, and the number of widows who put in an appearance in their weeds was phenomenal. A whole bevy of them occupied the chairs against the railings of the Row.

It was a brilliant night at the Savoy on Saturday, and every one was thankful to Mr. Sedger for putting off his first night till Tuesday. It would have been a pity to have robbed either set of authors of their patrons and patronesses; but it is quite clear that one could not have been in two places at the same time. A Gilbert and Sullivan audience is always an enthusiastic one, and the guests, both invited and paying, that welcomed the new opera on Saturday night formed no exception to the rule. It was quite refreshing to playgoers to see both author and composer shake hands before the audience and make up the old quarrel, and we heartily wish they may be friends for many years to come.

At home these two distinguished public servants are the kindliest men possible. None who has spent a Sunday evening with Sir Arthur Sullivan in Queen's Mansions can understand how the mistake ever arose, while it is equally impossible to discover by the visitor to Harrow Weald, where Mr. W. S. Gilbert has built himself a charming house. Being a devotee of lawn tennis he has arranged a first-rate asphalte court and several grass courts. The stream that runs at the bottom of the garden is full of fish and wide enough to allow a boat to pass up and down, while in one part it is widened and deepened to admit of a swimming-bath. The stables are very neat and workmanlike, and all the garden arrangements are perfect.

The house is approached by a long drive from the main road through a small wood, and is a pretty gabled house, quite old-fashioned in its appearance outside. It stands on a terrace, which is tastefully laid out into beds of flowers. Peacocks move stately up and down, and a pet monkey chatters to the visitors as they enter the house. The entrance hall is beautifully fitted up with old oak and various oddments, which make it most enticing. Passing from the hall to the drawing-room by a small flight of stairs the visitor finds himself in a lofty saloon with a wonderful mantelpiece and beautiful old furniture. The billiard-room, which is in the basement, is perhaps to Savoy habitués the most interesting room. Here one sees reminiscences of all the comic operas that the host has brought out with Sir Arthur Sullivan. At one end of the room, on a well-arranged stand, is the famous bell which was for many a month a fixture on "H.M.S. *Pinafore*." Round the room hang portraits of all the actors and actresses in their several characters, while numerous other pieces of furniture remind one of bygone plays at the Savoy. To many, however, the morning-room would be the favourite sitting-place. This is Mr. Gilbert's study, and around are book-shelves crowded with rare volumes and expensive bindings. Historic poems—in fact, literature of all sorts one finds on these shelves; while stretching all round the room on a shelf which divides the book-case from the ceiling is a perfect collection of models of Indian natives; every tribe is represented, and the collection numbers nearly two hundred. They were obtained by Mr. W. S. Gilbert while on his Indian tour, and especially moulded for him.

"Estimates free!" How often do we see a notice of this kind appear in shops, and generally is the case in a shop where the vendor has the reputation for selling things at a cheaper rate than his fellow tradesmen in a similar way of business. But we would warn the confiding housewife, the professional man with small income, and all others whom it may concern, that as a rule the free estimate is a speculation which in nine cases out of ten turns out in favour of the shopkeeper. The business is managed in this way: the trader in question, relying upon his reputation for cheapness, a reputation which he takes care to inform his customers can only be kept up by means of the ready-money system, submits his estimate, which the recipient, as a rule, accepts, thinking that as he has gone to the so-called cheapest shop in the trade, he is not being overcharged for the work. Possibly that may be the case; but what about the estimate? How was that paid for? Well, we will tell you.

A few days ago a gentleman went to a large emporium, asking the proprietor, if he did not charge for estimates, to send in his price for certain work. In due time a representative of the firm appeared, but the gentleman could not attend to him just then. He, therefore, called again, and later on came to prepare for the alterations. As he was leaving the gentleman pointed out that, although he had accepted the contract, the price seemed rather high. "Oh, but," replied the workman, "I have been here three times already." "Well," answered the customer, "that is nothing to do with me: your master told me his estimates were free." The workman laughed and replied, "Well, sir, some one must pay for my time, you know." Then were the eyes of the customer opened: he had been tricked. He was paying for the estimate after all, and in addition he had to pay ready money. How he wished he had left the proprietor of the emporium alone and given his work to the shop in the neighbourhood, the proprietor of which did charge for estimates, but said so, and what is more to the point, did not want or expect cash for the work, which he was ready and willing to do at the same price as the so-called cheap provider with his "free estimates."

The fine weather attracted many ladies to Ranelagh yesterday, where golf is still being played. The retired situation of the ground, and its close proximity to the West-end of London makes it a favourite rendezvous for ladies, who play quite as many rounds as men during the day; and as you can get your lunch or dinner at the club-house, very pleasant little parties often meet together at Colonel Armytage's country house, as the place is popularly called, owing, no doubt, to the amount of time he spends there.

One of the questions a young couple are generally called upon to decide when they set up house is whether or not they will have the electric light. There can be no doubt that the light is much cleaner than gas, and if the fittings are fixtures the expense is not much greater; but there are two other points which they would do well to consider before making their decision. One is that the rent of the meter will be at least £1 a year, and the other that the popular idea of a lamp lasting a thousand hours is altogether a myth. Some may possibly do so, but many do not, and some last but a few weeks. It is understood that the patent will soon run out, and that improvements will then be made, while the lamp will be cheaper. Meanwhile, seeing that each light costs about four shillings, to replace them frequently is an expensive matter, and adds much to the cost of the light.

**TO HOLIDAY MAKERS, TOURISTS, AND TRAVELLERS.**

Readers, temporarily absent from town, may have the SPECIAL EDITION of the PALL MALL GAZETTE, containing the LATEST NEWS, sent to ANY ADDRESS within the UNITED KINGDOM, for delivery by the first post on the following morning, at the rate of NINEPENCE PER WEEK, or ONE SHILLING PER WEEK to ANY ADDRESS upon the CONTINENT.

# THE VOICES OF THE MORNING.

The coal strike is discussed this morning in view of the meeting of the mayors at Sheffield to-day, and all the journals are united in the desire that a basis may be found for settling the dispute, although they vary in their conclusions as to the responsibility of the contending parties. The yacht race is another topic which is leadered by most of the newspapers, and also the condition of the agricultural labourer in England as disclosed by Mr. Chapman's report.

### THAT THE STRIKE MAY END.

The *Times* says: "It must be the sincere desire of every honest and public-spirited man, whether he belong to the employers or to the employed, that the present desolating strife should be brought to an end. Hitherto, the well-meant interference of persons who might be reasonably expected to exercise a mediating influence with success has been defeated by the obstinate determination of the men to recognize no award that does not start with the adoption of the rate of wages existing before the strike began as the irreducible minimum. This deliberate rejection, in principle of arbitration—the system to which all the efforts of the friends of labour have been directed for many years past—has turned aside the sympathies of the public from the operatives, who persist in refusing to resume work unless the masters guarantee the maintenance in times of depression of wages increased 40 per cent. in times of high profits. If there is likely to be a return to common sense and good feeling, the intervention of the mayors to-day may bring about some satisfactory result."

### A PERMANENT SETTLEMENT DESIRABLE.

"Most of the men," says the *Standard*, "display an extraordinary amount of determination; and so long as they are kept from starving by contributions from other mining districts, they may succeed in holding out. They are aware that they are fighting a battle of the utmost importance; and if they end in getting the better of the employers on this occasion, they might reasonably hope to remain masters of the position for a considerable time to come. But the victory, looked at from the point of view of economic principle, could not be a permanent one. Even though they went back to work at the old wage, their employers could not undertake not to raise the question again, for they would have no means of knowing how soon it might become necessary for them to do so. Nothing can enable us to get over the immovable circumstance that neither coal-owners nor miners, nor both together, can permanently settle the price of coal. That must be determined by the consumer and by the state of trade. That is why it would, perhaps, be better, in one sense, that the present struggle, having gone on so long, should be brought to a real and not a momentary and false conclusion. A hollow truce would be of little avail, though it might be consoling for the moment. The coal owners ought to look ahead as far as they possibly can, and not weakly attempt to patch up the matter by consenting to terms that would have very shortly to be revised. Better that the present strike should last a little longer than that it should be closed for only a brief interval, to be swiftly followed by another."

### THE NATION WILL HAVE TO INTERVENE.

"The nation will itself have to intervene," says the *Chronicle*, "if this stoppage goes on. It must defend its own rights, which are not only menaced but denied by the coalowners, and it must see that those who perform so important a function for the community as coal-getting are given a fair wage. Members of Parliament who are holiday-keeping had better prepare themselves for this coal question, for it will come up directly the House of Commons meets. When the public safety is threatened by dynamite or the sanctity of the landlords' lives by bullets, it does not take the British Legislature more than a few hours to make up its mind and to act upon it. But what are these things compared with the awful famine which is devastating a vast section of the British people? Have the hardest-worked of our population no defence at the hands of the law when their means of livelihood are snatched from them? Have the obscure multitudes in scores of trades who are ousted from their work to-day, and who sit uncomplainingly by empty grates, no court to appeal to but that in which the coal lord kicks his heels? If the answer is to be nothing better than the shaking of the national head and the confession that it is all very puzzling, we might at least have the honesty to call ourselves a nation of Anarchists. What grievance of citizens or what danger, we should like to know, can there be at all comparable to this? Or what argument against revolution can a State adduce which licenses all the horrors of famine?"

### THE MATABELE POWER.

Writing on the war with the Matabele, the *Telegraph* says:—"If the end be not uncertain, and if it be evidently a manifest destiny that the ancient regime of murder and plunder must pass away from the front of English enterprise, we must not be too much surprised if the campaign proves difficult. These migratory Zulus are a fighting breed, having war for their trade; and, although they have been beaten by comparatively slender forces, both of British and Boers, still it is a race that does not fear death, and which will fight for its ancient supremacy like the lions of its own veldt. The Matabele have not many guns, and do not know how to use what they possess, but Lobengula must have at command not less than 15,000 spears, if he can only feed them; and on foot these are all too quick and enduring for any white infantry to cope with. They must either be awaited in fortified positions or be attacked by mounted bands, and every horse employed must be what is called 'salted'—that is to say, must have passed through the two curious forms of disease that afflict horses in these localities. The Chartered Company might muster, perhaps, if it were to concentrate its garrisons, some thousand men; the Border Police number five or six hundred, and Khama's levies are, of course, black men badly armed. It will be seen, then, that only the immense superiority of the white man could make those in authority contemplate with any confidence the disparity of force. Moreover, in about a month the rainy season will commence. What Lord Ripon and his colleagues must now therefore hope for is that the first inevitable blows may be efficiently dealt, and that the power of Lobengula may be visibly broken at the outset."

### THE SUPREMACY OF THE SEA.

Writing on the sailing contests now proceeding in American waters, the *Daily News* says:—"If we have yet to recover the supremacy of the sail we still hold that of the steamer. It is reported to-day that the Cunarder *Lucania* has beaten the record of the *Paris*, of the American line, by thirty-nine minutes in the ocean voyage. The *Paris* was of British build, for before she was purchased by the new American line she was the famous *City of Paris*, of the Inman Company. The Americans, however, had bought her record with her, and, up to Friday, they might boast that they owned the very fastest 'greyhound' on the seas. The *City of Paris* had crossed from Queenstown to Sandy Hook in 5 days 14 hours and 24 minutes; and minutes, as we see, make all the difference, though the run is 2,842 knots. The *Lucania* has covered herself with glory by a time measurement of 5 days 13 hours and 45 minutes. We may breathe again. The *Lucania* is a sister ship to the *Campania*, and both together form the latest practical expression of the determination of the Cunard Company to keep the lead of the seas. They are the very largest vessels afloat. The *Campania* is 600 feet long or 620 feet over all; add 67 feet more, and she would be as long as the *Great Eastern* Both are built for strength as well as for speed. They can become armed cruisers at need, and carry long-range guns that would induce most warships to give them a wide berth. For this liability to service they receive an annual £19,000 from the Admiralty. In their fittings they are simply luxurious hotels. Their dining-rooms might serve as banqueting-halls for kings, and their drawing-rooms, private sitting-rooms, boudoirs, and what not, might supply queens with all the comforts of home. They are astonishing creations, and now that one of them has added the prize for speed to all her other triumphs, we can afford to regard the issue of the yacht race with a quiet mind."

### THE PARNELL DEMONSTRATION.

"Yesterday's demonstration in Dublin," the *Morning Post* observes, "if it means anything at all, must mean this, that the supporters of the extreme, or, to quote Sir William Harcourt, the Fenian variety of Home Rule, are numerous and vigorous, and that their numbers and their vigour are not the less real and considerable because the powerful influence of the clergy has prevented the proportionate representation of the Party in Parliament. Furthermore, it is more than probable that the large attendance was meant as a hint to the Anti-Parnellites in Parliament that Nationalist opinion has weighed them in the balance during the past two years and has found them wanting. The chaotic condition of their party at the present time cannot fail to strike their quick-witted countrymen in Ireland, who must have drawn damaging mental comparisons between the existing state of things and that which prevailed when the 'Uncrowned King' was unhesitatingly obeyed. Englishmen, on their part, will not forget that it was Mr. Redmond who formally declined to accept Mr. Gladstone's bill as anything but 'provisional,' that is to say, as a stepping-stone to the promised land of Irish independence, and yesterday the Irish Nationalists did their best to endorse that policy by paying the utmost public honour to the memory of the man who was its supreme representative"

# Pall Mall Gazette Office,

18, CHARING CROSS ROAD, W.C.

The Prince of Wales is to leave Marlborough House to-morrow morning for Newmarket, where his Royal Highness will stay for three or four days. The Prince had some very good sport in Mar Forest during his visit to the Duke and Duchess of Fife, and he killed several of the best stags of the season.

Princess Frederica of Hanover, who is staying at Gmunden, in Upper Austria, with her mother, Queen Marie, will proceed early next month to Biarritz, where she intends to pass the winter. Princess Frederica intends to reside at Hampton Court Palace for some time next summer.

The Duke and Duchess of Devonshire are to leave Devonshire House this afternoon for Newmarket, and at the end of the week they are going to Hardwicke Hall, Derbyshire.

The Duke of Leeds has been entertaining several shooting parties at Hornby Castle, Yorkshire, and excellent sport has been obtained, but the pheasants have scarcely been touched yet, only one or two outlying covers having been shot.

Mr. Goschen has left Edinburgh on a visit to the Duke and Duchess of Buccleuch, at Drumlanrig Castle, Dumfriesshire, where a large shooting party has assembled.

Sir Stafford Northcote, who arrived in town last week from Devonshire, left on Friday for Dijon, to meet Lady Northcote, who has been staying at Aix-les-Bains during the last month. Sir Stafford and Lady Northcote intend to remain on the Continent until within a few days of the meeting of Parliament.

Sir John and Lady Shelley will shortly entertain several shooting parties at Shobrooke Park, their seat in Devonshire, where they returned last week. Lady Shelley has been staying for some time in the Engadine with her sister, Miss Benson.

The Earl of Harewood, Viscount Cross, and Sir William Grantham have been staying during the last week at Panmure House, Forfarshire, on a visit to Sir John Thursby. Large numbers of partridges have been killed by the shooting party, the average bag being about ninety brace per day, and there are a great number of pheasants on the estate.

Lord Justice Fitzgibbon, who is at present in London with his family and staying at the Grand Hotel, is one of the few remaining Irish orators of the old school. He is the strong member of the Irish Court of Appeal, where he has delivered many brilliant judgments. It was generally expected, on the death of Lord Fitzgerald, that Lord Justice Fitzgibbon would be promoted to the vacant Lordship of Appeal, which, however, Lord Morris eventually obtained. In Ireland the Lord Justice is extremely popular with all parties, though he is an uncompromising Tory, and the political and personal friend of Lord Randolph Churchill.

The Dunraven party are just now the object of much interest in New York. It consists of Lady Dunraven and the Ladies Rachel and Aileen Wyndham-Quin, the Marquis of Ormonde, Lord Wolverton, Colonel Arthur Paget, Mr. Langrishe, Mr. Charles Kerr, Mr. H. Maitland Kersey, and Mr. G. L. Watson.

Lady Dunraven is a daughter of Lord Charles Kerr, and at one time was very well known in the amateur musical world. Lady Rachel and Lady Aileen take after their mother inasmuch as they are musical. They both play the violin, and are equally fond of the piano. They are remarkably good sailors, as is also Lady Dunraven. Lord Dunraven generally takes his daughters with him when he is cruising about or fishing, and they are used to all sorts of weather and to small as well as large ships. This is not the first time Lady Dunraven has been to America. She accompanied Lord Dunraven there for many years during his shooting expeditions, and knows well what it is to sleep out in a tent in all weathers. She is much respected in Ireland and Wales, where she takes a great personal interest in all who work on the estate and their families.

Lord Ormonde is a well-known yachtsman, and as he is Vice-Commodore of the Royal Yacht Squadron, the club that issued the challenge on Lord Dunraven's behalf, he may be said to represent that association of yachtsmen in the match. Like Lord Dunraven, he is an Irishman, and his castle at Kilkenny is built in one of the prettiest spots in Ireland. He is fifty years old this year, and married in 1876 Lady Elizabeth Harriet, daughter of the first Duke of Westminster. He served in the Life Guards from 1863 to 1873, when he retired from the regiment and became honorary colonel of the 5th Battalion Royal Irish; he is also honorary colonel of the East Kent Yeomanry and Hereditary Chief Butler of Ireland. His other titles are Earl of Karrik and Viscount Thurles, but it is as Baron Ormonde of the United Kingdom that he sits in the House of Lords.

Lord Wolverton is by no means a stranger to New York. Some years ago as "Freddy Glyn" he was very popular in New York society and spent some time in a mercantile house learning finance in order to fill a position in Messrs. Glyn, Mills, Currie, and Co., but fortune smiled on him, and now at thirty years of age, instead of having to work in a bank he possesses Iwerne Minster House, Blandford, and all the Wolverton estate. He is a charming companion and deserves his luck. A thorough sportsman and equally at home in Africa as in Piccadilly, he is a capital shot and owns the *Oceana*, a schooner yacht, a two hundred ton vessel.

Colonel Arthur Paget is well known in the social world. He lives in Belgrave-square, and is an old friend of Lord Dunraven. Mr. H. R. Langrishe is, next to Lord Dunraven, the best known and most practical yachting man of the party. He is equally fond of small boat sailing as of racing in big ships, and very often accompanies the owner of *Valkyrie* on his fishing expeditions. Like Lord Dunraven, he is a member of the Royal Yacht Squadron, and an Irishman, being son and heir to Sir James Langrishe, Bart., of Knocktopher Abbey, a well-known place in Kilkenny.

Mr. Charles Kerr is Lady Dunraven's brother. He has not been in robust health for the last few years. He is very fond of yachting, and has sailed with Captain Cranfield in nearly all the races *Valkyrie* has competed in since she was launched. He is representing his brother-in-law on *Vigilant*, and is as well-known in the States as in Scotland. He was a good deal before the public in his earlier days as a crack pigeon shot, but lately he has abandoned shooting for yachting.

Mr. G. L. Watson, of whom we have already given a biographical sketch, is popular among yachting men, and is equally so with every one with whom he comes in contact.

Mr. H. Maitland Kersey, as manager of the Canadian Pacific on this side, superintended the building of the big Japan ships which were built at Barrow. He is now manager of the White Star Line in New York. He is a member of the Castle Yacht Club. He managed all the preliminaries about the Cup correspondence, and it is not a little due to his stirring up of the yachting men on the other side that the present match has come off.

Lady Henry Somerset sailed for New York on Saturday in the steamship *Paris*, accompanied by Miss Alys Pearsall Smith, of Friday's Hill House, Haslemere, Mrs. Harry Muff, of Bradford, and Mrs. Emmett, of Leeds. She goes to meet her son, Mr. H. Somers Somerset, who has been for several months on a hunting expedition in British Columbia; also to attend the World's Fair and the Conventions of the W.C.T.U. in Chicago, October 16th to 21st. She returns in the steamship *Teutonic*, sailing from New York October 25th.

Oliver Madox Brown, the son of the late Mr. Ford Madox Brown, was a boy of extraordinary precocity. At the age of eight he executed a small water-colour under his father's direction, and at fourteen he exhibited at the Dudley Gallery. In his fifteenth year he was a contributor both to the Dudley gallery and to the Royal Academy. The young man's literary powers, which were of no mean order, were also early developed. What promised to be a great career was, however, cut short by the premature death of Oliver at the age of nineteen.

Mr. Charles J. Byworth, who has been for several years Vestry Clerk of Battersea, and has shown himself a most painstaking and careful officer, has been elected Town Clerk of Cape Town.

SCHWEPPE'S IN BOTTLES and in their Patent PORCELAIN-LINED SYPHONS.

TABLE WATERS.

AS SUPPLIED TO THE QUEEN.

STRAND THEATRE.—Lessee, Mr. WILLIE EDOUIN.
Mr. ARTHUR ROBERTS'S SEASON.
TO-NIGHT and EVERY EVENING, at 8.15,
MATINÉE SATURDAY NEXT, at 2.30.
A Musical Farcical Nondescript in Two Acts, entitled
A MODERN DON QUIXOTE.
Words by GEORGE DANCE, Music by JOHN CROOK.
Mr. Arthur Roberts and Company.

STRAND THEATRE.—ARTHUR ROBERTS as a Modern Don Quixote.—Electric Success. Great Success of the Camera Gavotte.

STRAND THEATRE.—SPECIAL NOTICE.—Owing to the great success of A MODERN DON QUIXOTE, Mr. Arthur Roberts has decided to CONTINUE his SEASON until giving the public a further opportunity of witnessing the most phenomenal success of modern times. THE LADY KILLER will follow A MODERN DON QUIXOTE.—Business Manager, J. T. MACKAY ROBERTSON.

TERRY'S.—Lessee and Manager, Mr. EDWARD TERRY.—Under the management of Miss JANETTE STEER. WEDNESDAY NEXT, at 8.30, AN AMERICAN BRIDE, by Lawrence Olde and Maurice Noel. Messrs. Herbert Waring, Fred Kerr, Murray Carson, George K. Fees, J. A. Welch, Richard Blunt, Hamilton Fifford, Robson Lambert; Misses Olga Brandon, Henrietta Lindley, Day Ford, and Miss Janette Steer.—Business Manager, CHARLES TERRY.

PRINCE OF WALES' THEATRE, COVENTRY-STREET, W.—Mr. GEORGE EDWARDES begs to announce that the PRINCE OF WALES' THEATRE will REOPEN on SATURDAY NEXT, October 14, when Mr. Edwardes will produce an entirely new and original musical farce, words by Owen Hall, lyrics by Harry Greenbank, music by Sidney Jones, entitled A GAIETY GIRL. The cast will include the following artists:—Messrs. C. Hayden Coffin (his first appearance since his return from America), Eric Lewis, W. L. Bradfield, F. Kaye, L. Bantock, L. D'Orsay, G. Forteous, F. Rimma, and Harry Monkhouse; Misses Decima Moore, Juliette Nesville, K. Cutler, M. Studholme, L. Pounds, and Maria Jones, Mr. Hobson, B. Massey, E. Selwick, V. Robinson, and Lottie Venne. Box-office now open from 10 till 5. Prices as usual.

DALY'S THEATRE, LEICESTER-SQUARE.—EVERY EVENING, at 8.15, Mr. AUGUSTIN DALY'S COMPANY in THE FORESTERS, by Alfred Lord Tennyson, Music by Mr. Arthur Sullivan. Miss ADA REHAN as MAID MARIAN (positively for a limited number of performances only). Doors open 7.40. Last Matinée Saturday next, October 14, at 2. FRIDAY NIGHT NEXT, October 13, THE LAST WORD (for a few evenings only). In preparation for early production a new farcical comedy by F. C. Burnand, entitled THE ORIENT EXPRESS. Box-office daily 9 to 5. Seats at libraries.

PALACE THEATRE.—Open at 7.30. TO-NIGHT at 10.15, SCARAMOUCHE, Pantomime Ballet. Mdlle. Riganti, Miss Hoby, Signors Rabitani and Albertieri, and Corps de Ballet. IDA FULLER, Kalluna, Arbor Troupe, Vesta Victoria, Lieut. Travis, Rose Dearing, W. Morgan, Ryland and Golden, Florrie Leybourne, The Edoardos, O'Gus, John Callan, The Foresters, A PAL O' ARCHIE'S, supported by Miss Lena Delphine, Miss Ada Blanche, Mr. H. C. Barry, and W. Morgan. Last Week.—Manager, Mr. CHARLES MORTON.

EARL'S COURT EXHIBITION of GARDENING and FORESTRY, and CAPTAIN BOYTON'S WORLD'S WATER SHOW (2,000 free seats). BAND of H.M. SCOTS GUARDS, and FOUR OTHER BANDS. Beautiful ILLUMINATIONS. Admission ONE SHILLING. Open 11 A.M. to 11 P.M.

LAST of CAPTAIN BOYTON'S WORLD'S WATER SHOW.
POSITIVE FINISH OCTOBER 14.
TWICE DAILY at 3.30 and 8. 6d. to 3s. SHOOTING the "CHUTES," 6d.

ART GALLERIES.

NEW GALLERY.—ARTS AND CRAFTS EXHIBITION. OPEN DAILY from 10 to 6. Admission, 1s.

S. C. COCKERELL, Secretary.

PHOTOGRAPHIC SALON, 1893.—DUDLEY GALLERY, EGYPTIAN HALL, PICCADILLY. EXHIBITION of Specially Selected Examples of PICTORIAL PHOTOGRAPHY by the leading Photographers. Open October 9th to November 11th. Admission 1s.

HOTEL LIST.

BOURNEMOUTH.—THE HIGHCLIFFE HOTEL, of world-wide reputation for comfort. Magnificent Sea Views. Table d'hôte. Electric Light. Supplies from own Alderney Dairy Farm. JOHN KILNER, Proprietor.

HASTINGS.—ALBANY HOTEL (Robertson-terrace). Finest position on the whole sea front. Facing the sea due south. Only hotel with Electric Light in every room. Passenger lift. Lounge, drawing, reading, writing, smoking, and billiard room. High-class cuisine. Table d'hôte 1 P.M.; separate tables. Moderate tariff. No charge for attendance. C. A. SCHWABE, Manager.

ILFRACOMBE.—ILFRACOMBE HOTEL.—Unrivalled sea frontage and open surroundings. Seven lawn tennis courts. Large swimming bath. New lounge hall. 200 rooms. The principal Hotel in Ilfracombe. Tariff of Manager.

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*The advertisements can be repeated at the same rates in the* PALL MALL BUDGET, *the Weekly Edition of the* PALL MALL GAZETTE.

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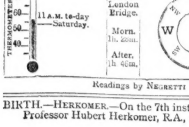
WEATHER FORECAST ISSUED AT 11 A.M. TO-DAY.

South England (with London and Channel).—Easterly breezes, freshening somewhat; fine at first, rainy later.




Readings by NEGRETTI AND ZAMBRA's Instruments.

BIRTH.—HERKOMER.—On the 7th inst., at Dyrcham, Bushey, Herts, the wife of Professor Hubert Herkomer, R.A., of a daughter.

## NOTICE.

**Arrangements have been made for the issue of a SPECIAL YACHT RACE EDITION TO-NIGHT, giving the result of the Contest for the AMERICA CUP.**

## *FOURTH EDITION.*

# THE MAIDENHEAD MYSTERY

## LIFE AT THE "RED VILLAGE."

## THE HYPNOTISM CANARD.

## THE DE JONG CASE AT A STANDSTILL.

(FROM OUR SPECIAL CORRESPONDENT.)

AMSTERDAM, Oct. 9.—"The Maidenhead Mystery," or "The De Jong Case" as it is described in Holland, has now reached its most unpleasant stage for those who are directly interested in it. All that can be done, apparently, has been done, and nothing but a long wait for further and conclusive evidence seems in prospect. A case of the strongest possible suspicion has been established against De Jong. However, they do not convict a man of murder on suspicion in Holland, and unless the body of one of his victims is discovered while it is recognizable, De Jong must be liberated within a reasonable time. The mercurial Dutchman has not been enjoying life for the last few weeks, in spite of the bold front which he presents. To a young man of his roving habits, the "Red Village," as the prison here is called, can hardly compare favourably with many spots about which he has now more than sufficient leisure to think. Existence in the "Red Village" may grow even duller than it has been, for unless one of the bodies is found there will not, it seems probable, be any more preliminary injunctions. The latter could not have signified unmixed pleasure to De Jong, for at several of them it was proven that as a professional liar he still had something to learn, and to one of De Jong's nature this must have been distressing. He is so constituted, in my opinion, that he would much prefer to be convicted as the perpetrator of several unique murders than to be sentenced to a couple of years' imprisonment for an ignominious theft. He has, in a way peculiar to himself, enjoyed the many preliminary examinations he has been forced to undergo. They have broken the monotony that is a strong feature of life in the "Red Village." There was an element of danger in them, of course; but to this he did not object, knowing that under any circumstances his neck was not in danger, and that unless the body of Miss Juett or of Miss Schmitz was found his liberty could not be restrained except for a period that was comparatively of no consequence to one of his years—for he is only thirty-two years of age.

### THE LONGEST AND MOST SEARCHING

cross-examination that De Jong has undergone was that held on Friday, when he was confronted with Daniel Juett, the man whose daughter he is suspected of having murdered. In Holland, as in France, it is, as it is getting to be in England, the fashion to consider a man guilty until his innocence has been proved. England, however, is still very far behind either Holland or France in this respect. In the preliminary examinations such as De Jong has undergone, he has not been represented by counsel. In one sense he has not required counsel, for it may be assumed that no advantage will be taken of this circumstance. He may be considered guilty, and he may, in effect, be asked to prove his innocence, but unless his guilt has been proved he will not suffer. It is even more difficult to keep a man merely suspected of murder in prison here than it is in England. There is no evidence to prove that De Jong killed Miss Juett and Miss Schmitz, but there is plenty of evidence to prove that if he did not kill the two women he has good reason for entertaining a poor opinion of circumstantial evidence. The examinations are held in the official chambers of the Judge in Commission. In the De Jong case Judge B. E. Simons has sat, the prosecutor being Mr. B. Ort, the Officer of Justice. Daniel Juett, the father of the missing English girl, arrived in Amsterdam on Wednesday morning. On Thursday he went to Arnhem and visited the Sluis Hotel, where his daughter and De Jong stopped. Through an interpreter he talked with the proprietor of the hotel, but, as I cabled last week, he learned nothing that he had not read in the *Pall Mall Gazette*. He returned to Amsterdam on Thursday night, and shortly after midday on Friday was in the office of the Judge in Commission. He was accompanied by Mr. P. A. C. Keeman, of the British Consulate, who acted as official interpreter at the examination. Those who were present at the examination were

### SWORN NOT TO DIVULGE ANY OF THE PROCEEDINGS.

In this category Mr. Juett was not placed, but he was asked not to make public what occurred. Through the interpreter Juett told his story. He told how De Jong had met his daughter in the hospital at Middlesbrough, and how, on leaving, De Jong had said to her that if she paid any attention to another man while he was absent at sea he would shoot her. This she told to her parents. The threat amused her a good deal, and frightened her a little. Juett told how De Jong had corresponded with his daughter, and how, at last, he had presented himself at Maidenhead. He described De Jong's extremely seedy appearance, which De Jong accounted for by saying that his clothes had been stolen aboard ship. He detailed the everyday life led by the family while De Jong was an inmate of his house. He did not like the fellow, he said, but as his daughter said she knew all about him and was in love with him he concluded that the best thing he could do was to consent to their marriage. De Jong, he explained, imposed on him because he was continually saying that he would not marry until he was able to give his wife a better home than that from which he was taking her. De Jong showed him a document to which was affixed a stamp. It was written in Dutch. De Jong translated it, and said it was the deed of the Sluis Hotel, at Arnhem, which he had purchased for 17,000 guilders. There was much in De Jong's manner and conduct that he disliked, but he put it aside on the ground that De Jong was a foreigner. De Jong had no money and borrowed some from his daughter. His purse, he said, he had lost. It was "cried" at Maidenhead. It was not found. De Jong was very fond of having his photograph taken, and this fact went a long way in throwing Juett off his guard. The Englishman described the wedding and the departure of the couple. Then he wondered why he did not hear from his daughter. While wondering he was surprised by De Jong's visit and his tale that his wife had run away with a rich American from a hotel in Wiesbaden, which he afterwards learned was a fictitious hostelry. De Jong made such an exhibition of his grief—"blubbered like a calf," to use Juett's words—that the Englishman was again imposed upon. De Jong went to Maidenhead to London the next day, and he never saw him again. Juett showed the patterns of the materials with which his daughter's dresses were trimmed. They matched the trimmings on the dresses found by the police in pawnshops here. He identified the gold chain worn by his daughter, and handed to the Officer of Justice two cheques which he had brought with him. One was for the marriage license fee. The other was for £20. This was drawn in favour of his son, who gave the money to his sister. Juett was

### QUESTIONED AT GREAT LENGTH

by the Officer of Justice, and his examination occupied considerable time as the questions were put in Dutch to Mr. Keeman, who translated them into English for Juett's benefit, and then translated Juett's answers into Dutch for the Officer of Justice and the Judge in Commission. All the information which it seemed possible to extract from Juett having been obtained, De Jong was brought face to face with his father-in-law. De Jong had been brought from the "Red Village" in a carriage. His journey never attract any attention. In the first place the public know nothing about an examination until it had been held and then they know nothing except the bare fact. Besides, I doubt, if a rabble would run after De Jong's carriage as would be the case in London. De Jong was not aware until he was face to face with Juett that his father-in-law was in Holland. He was not, however, disconcerted in the slightest degree. He even had the audacity to smile and looked quite pleased and he was altogether unabashed by Juett's steady gaze, although he would, doubtless, have felt less at his ease were there none in the room but the Englishman and himself. De Jong had an answer for every question, as he has always had. Sometimes his answers were lies on their face. At other times they were lies in the opinion of all who heard them, but the proof was lacking. De Jong was on the rack for hours, the examination not closing until seven o'clock, but from start to finish he bore himself with his usual callous indifference and cheerful audacity. He was taken back to the "Red Village." Juett left Amsterdam in a despondent frame of mind. He had learned enough to make him fear the worst, but little to convince him that the suspected murderer of his daughter will suffer for the crime. In the opinion of Mr. Keeman, who has seen De Jong often, and who, as interpreter, has often spoken with him,

### "DE JONG IS NOT A MAN BUT A BEAST."

"There is something wrong with him here," said Mr. Keeman to me putting his hand on his head. "He is not like other men. I would not hurt a dog or a cat, but I feel savage when I look at De Jong. He is a beast. He may have what they call sexual mania, but if he has he should be treated in such a way as to prevent him from doing harm to his fellow-creatures I can say nothing about Friday's examination except that, in my opinion, it was without result—absolutely without result. They may find the bodies Who can tell? He was seen in so many places. Then he must have stripped the bodies, as nearly all the clothes have been found, so there would be nothing that could be identified. He may have cut the heads off and disfigured them before burying them, so that if heads or bodies were found it might be impossible to identify them. As to the result, one cannot give an opinion. The bodies may be found any day: they may never be found. That is how the case stands." And so the case stands in the opinion of nearly everybody. At present the search for Miss Schmitz's body is hotter than for Miss Juett's. This may be because the territory on which De Jong is supposed to have disposed of the body is much more contracted than the belt of country in which the murder of Miss Juett may have been accomplished. M. Bateit, chief of the Detective Department, spent much of Friday and Saturday at Bussum, where De and Miss Schmitz were last seen. The Dutch newspapers still take a vivid interest in the case. As they have not recently been able to discover any reliable information that is new, they have fallen into the habit of printing every rumour that flies.

### RUMOURS ARE NOT SCARCE.

For instance, there was no foundation for the story that some labourers saw De Jong come out of the woods at a place called Rosedale, with his boots in his hand, and that upon seeing them he fled into the woods again. Every rumour almost that appears in the Dutch papers is carefully transmitted to England, through the usual channels. In this way, many English papers were inveigled into publishing the silly canard that De Jong was to be hypnotized in order that he might be forced, if it were possible, to incriminate himself. For this report there is not the slightest foundation, and the wonder is that even the most sensational of the Dutch newspapers, scarce as exciting reading matter is, would publish it. To do anything of the sort never entered the heads of the authorities here, who will conduct the case after the usual legal methods. As a sensation the De Jong case is not dead, but it may be placed on the shelf until the bodies or one of them has been found, or until De Jong has made a confession. The latter contingency may be put to one side. The bodies may never be found and one of them may be discovered any day, but from personal knowledge of the country in which the murders were committed, and of the character of the search, I think they are more likely to be discovered by accident than design. I also think that there is more chance of finding the body of Miss Schmitz than that of Miss Juett. At any rate there will be nothing more of consequence to say about the case until a body has been found.

A letter has been received by the Scotland Yard authorities from Keswick, suggesting that the search for the body of Miss Juett should be carried on in the Lake district. The writer, who gives his name, states that at the date of the disappearance of Miss Juett, De Jong was travelling in the neighbourhood with two ladies, and that one of them was missed.

### A SINGULAR COINCIDENCE.

A Carlisle correspondent telegraphs that the name of the lessee of the Keswick Hotel, from which Mr. Reddick telegraphed and wrote to the Criminal Investigation Department regarding the De Jong mystery is singularly enough, William Wilson, the name which De Jong assigned to the American with whom he alleged Miss Juett eloped. The police are now making full inquiries concerning the informating supplied by Mr. Reddick.

# THE BRITISH IN AFGHANISTAN.

## THE MISSION TO KABUL.

## INTERVIEW WITH THE AMEER.

(FROM OUR SPECIAL CORRESPONDENT.)

KABUL, Friday.—The Ameer received the British Mission in durbar, giving Sir Mortimer Durand and his staff a hearty welcome. The Ameer regretted that he had been unable to visit England or the Viceroy, through illness. In Sir Mortimer Durand he found the Wazir of India and an old friend. No envoy could have been so welcome. England used to send fighting men on a mission, but Sir Mortimer Durand was a guest on a mission of peace and goodwill proving the reality of the friendship between England and the Ameer. The mission then withdrew, and inspected the new Hotchkiss guns. Lieutenant MacMahon took over presents for the Ameer, valued at 30,000 rupees.

# THE CIVIL WAR IN BRAZIL.

## ACTION OF THE FOREIGN POWERS.

NEW YORK, Monday.—A Monte Video correspondent telegraphs:—The crews of the foreign warships in the harbour of Rio de Janeiro will only be landed to protect persons of their respective nations living in the city. There will be no attempt to interfere between President Peixoto and Admiral De Mello, although the former has been notified that if he continues to plant batteries along the water front Admiral De Mello's forces will be recognized as legal belligerents. A number of Brazilian naval officers have left Santos to capture the ship *Tiradentes*, which is in dock here. If they are successful, the vessel will be added to Admiral de Mello's squadron. The officers of the *Tiradentes* are loyal to President Peixoto, but the men are in favour of the insurgent admiral. The officers have carried part of the machinery ashore, and thus disabled the ship. A desperate resistance will be made to any attempt to capture the ship.—*Reuter.*

### THE SITUATION AT RIO.

NEW YORK, Monday.—A Monte Video correspondent wires that there is great rejoicing at Rio at the prospect of the landing of foreign troops to protect foreign property in the city. A most desperate resistance is being apparently shown no intention of either relaxing or ceasing hostile operations.—*Central News.*

## CHOLERA ON AN ATLANTIC LINER.

NEW YORK, Monday.—The steamship *Russia* has arrived here from Hamburg. There were five fatal cases of cholera on board. The dead were buried at sea. The vessel has been placed in strict quarantine.—*Daliel.*

# FOR THE AMERICA CUP.

## "VIGILANT" WINS THE FIRST RACE.

## NO LUCK FOR "VALKYRIE."

## PREPARING FOR THE SECOND CONTEST.

(FROM OUR SPECIAL CORRESPONDENT.)

(PER THE ANGLO-AMERICAN TELEGRAPH COMPANY, LIMITED.)

NEW YORK, Saturday Night.—With a cloudless sky, a gentle breeze, and on a flat, smooth sea, the British cutter *Valkyrie* and the American sloop *Vigilant* met this morning at the Sandy Hook lightship to sail the first practical race in a series of three out of five for the America Cup—the trophy representing the yachting championship of the world.

By such handling of the vessels as has rarely been seen the rivals were sent across the line practically side by side fair before the wind, though *Valkyrie* was a trifle in the lead. During the time needed to cover about two miles of the course the cutter not only held her advantage, but increased it, as the spectators thought, to about two lengths. Then the sloop began to draw up, and, with a speed that was surprising considering that the wind seemed to have failed, she passed her rival and took a fair lead. To this gain *Vigilant* added continually, until the turn was rounded more than eight minutes in advance of *Valkyrie*.

In running before a light wind the sloop appeared to have fairly beaten the cutter almost by a minute a mile.

From the turn stake home the greater part of the distance was covered with sheets flat aft. It was a close-hauled race, with a breeze that never turned a white cap, but was nevertheless fresh enough to keep every sail round and hard. *Vigilant* covered the distance in remarkable time, considering the wind, but as will be told further on, *Valkyrie* gained a fraction of a minute.

### THE SCENE OF THE CONTEST.

It was a glorious day and a magnificent race. There was life in the air from daybreak. A dash of rain at the dawning swished against the windows of the town with a music that was inspiring and full of promise to the deep-sea sportsmen. The rain turned to a wisp of fog before the sun was an hour high; but if aught of alarm for the race was caused, the fear faded with one look at the harbour. It was full of the hurry and puff of the gathering fleet, its dancing waters merry where wind and tide fell foul of each other; and the swift drift of steam and smoke wherever a working funnel protruded into the air added the swing and bustle of business to the sounds of more festive preparations.

There was plenty to interest the excursionists, who were ready to be amused the moment they got afloat. There were a couple of huge four-masted merchant ships lying over toward the Jersey shore; fleets of tow barges, light, or loaded with coal for down East ports, in charge of great solemn tugs that moved slowly and determinedly. There were schooners with smoky canvas spread, cruising about here and there, stubbed and low but a delight to the eye on such a day. Better yet, there were steam and sail yachts under way down off Bayridge, and when the knowing ones caught sight of the broad ensigns standing out from over the taffrails, and of the white froth beneath each sail-driven cutwater, they were ready to shout with the thrill and hope of a dashing breeze outside. And then there was the huge Cunard record-breaker *Lucania*. She had taken the whip from the American liner *Paris*, and the sight of her set the timid ones saying that her appearance was an ill omen betokening the British sailor's supremacy.

While we were going through the Narrows, the sun, that had been partly obscured earlier, began to bite patches out of the clouds and lighten up great breadths of green on the hills of Staten Island. It turned the smoky sails afloat to radiant white, and at sea the bluish, white rays poured through unseen rifts in straight slant beams over the dark blue cloud-bank that hid the farther waters. By-and-by the sun came out through the winding blue of the zenith, and lay where the fleecy white clouds of a summer-like day were floating.

At this promising moment the superb racers were overhauled, the yachts being towed out through the main ship channel with nothing whatever set. But when within about two miles of the Hook the sailors on *Vigilant* began to walk away with the mainsail halliards. Then the British tars began to run aloft and ride down the halliards in the fashion that has been familiar to old-time excursionists ever since Sir Richard Sutton's *Genesta* came after the America Cup. They got the peak of it high in air first of all, and then up with the throat till it was on a level with the peak, after which they had a good pull on both. Then their tug followed *Vigilant* up into the wind, to get the breeze out of the sail, when it, too, was thoroughly well stretched. By the time the mainsail was on *Valkyrie* the American had her fore staysail up. The Britishers were next set to lacing their beautiful club topsail to its club. The jib of *Valkyrie* had been already run up in stops. There was a man in the crosstrees and another on the throat of the mainsail ready for emergencies. As the point of the Hook was passed, a small rowboat was towed under the stern.

While Mr. Watson, the designer, bare-headed, in a blue coat and white trousers, stretched most comfortably on the deck with his feet on the rail, Lord Dunraven, dressed wholly in blue, stood about the deck with his hands behind him. On the white American sloop, when she was overhauled, with mainsail jib and forestaysail set, a dozen men comfortably stroked their chins as they sat on a boom amidships. Another dozen were getting the club topsail ready to go aloft, and somewhat in advance of the British sailors they got that sail in its place, going up into the wind to do so.

### AT THE START.

The wind when the racers reached the vicinity of the Sandy Hook lightship, from which the start was to be made, was almost west by south.

The signals telling the racers which way they were to go were run up on the flagship at 11 o'clock. They were three pennants of the international code, and they symbolized three letters, D.C.G., which taken together in the order named mean "east by south." The leeward course of east by south meant that the wind, according to the official compasses, was west by north. It was the intention of the Regatta Committee to let the lofty cloudlists have a run dead to leeward and a beat back. The fickle wind frustrated this intention, and the race became a run and a reach.

A gun barked from the flagship at 11.15 o'clock, and the familiar red canvas sphere, looking in the distance not unlike a prize apple, shot up to the maintopmast stay abaft the code pennant. There was a long roll, and as the rival yachts manœuvred back of the line, their sails flapped, and sails and booms swung athwartship. As the boats dipped their spoon noses in the hollows, or lifted them from the hills, the skippers and their advisers watched one another like cats.

Within thirty seconds of the time when the starting gun boomed, at 11.25, the yachts came for the line. They were headed to the southward, and had the wind abeam. *Valkyrie* was to windward of the *Vigilant*. She had a little the better of the start, beyond all doubt. There was not, however, two seconds between the craft.

### ENGLISH SEAMANSHIP.

Never have competitors in any race started so admirably. *Vigilant* broke out her expansive spinnaker as she turned and squared away on her course to the eastward. She apparently broke out for the big side sail too soon, as the wind set it aback and she lost a few seconds to the Briton, which slowly passed her to starboard, and before the race was two minutes old was a half-length ahead. *Valkyrie's* billowy white side sail did not show from the forward hatch, rising like a stage spectre through a trap-door, until she could use it effectively. That is perhaps one of the reasons she got a lead on her American cousin.

A few minutes after the start the wind shifted to the westward a bit. Spinnakers were set forward but did not appear to draw well. The racers were then under mainsails, club topsails, spinnakers, and intermediate jib topsails. Balloon jib topsails were substituted for the intermediates, and they improved the speed a trifle. The American held on doggedly to her opponent, but the general impression of the floating enthusiasts at this point was that the gain of *Valkyrie* would be increased as the race went on, and save for the swish of paddles and propellers a gloomy silence pervaded the attending fleet.

*Valkyrie* was two lengths ahead at 11.50. Twenty-five minutes after the start *Vigilant* headed more to the northward, and at noon, instead of being so near that a biscuit might have been tossed from one to the other, they were nearly a fifth of a mile abeam. A few minutes after noon the American, with all sail drawing finely, came swiftly down on the Briton, and passed her with marvellous ease. The wind had gone around to south-west, and hauling in spinnakers was the order. *Vigilant's* was gathered in and folded away at 12.24, and two minutes later *Valkyrie's* came down.

*Vigilant* was now more than an eighth of a mile ahead, and still gaining. The talent on board *Vallyrie* probably saw that something must be attempted to give them a chance to win even a creditable position. They sent up a large jib in stops, then they decided apparently that it was not a jib wind, and reset their spinnaker far forward. So it served the purpose of a balloon jib topsail. This experiment resulted in no appreciable gain for *Valkyrie*. *Vigilant* did likewise.

*Vigilant* took in her spinnaker at 11.5, the wind getting more on the starboard quarter, and set her forestaysail. *Valkyrie* evidently felt the shift of wind later than *Vigilant*, as she did not douse her snowy sails until fifteen minutes later. Her canvas then consisted of mainsail, club topsail, and balloon jib topsail. Her jib was still in stops. *Vigilant's* outfit was the same as *Valkyrie's*, with the addition of forestaysail. Under this canvas the wrestlers approached the red flag buoy, beyond which, to mark its location unmistakably, was the ocean tug *Luckenbach*, with a huge red ball pendent between her masts.

*Vigilant* leaped like a colossal white porpoise for the outer mark. The wind had freshened a trifle and she was increasing her speed. *Valkyrie* had closed the gap between her bow and the Yankee's stern, maybe by a hundred yards, but *Vigilant* was more than a mile in the lead and even the cutter's advocates gloomily admitted that *Valkyrie* could not hope to make up her loss in the reach, closed-hauled most of the time, to the red lightship off the Hook.

### ROUNDING THE STAKE-BOAT.

*Vigilant* rounded the red flag at 1 hr. 50 min. She lowered her balloon jib, jibbed her boom to starboard, and came up on the wind under forestaysail jib and plain sail. Then she glided away across the swelling green floor of the sea like a graceful dancer with ten thousand admirers. She was speeding without doubt. Skippers of small steam craft, although they threw the throttle wide open, could not keep up the speed of *Vigilant*, which was estimated at eleven knots. This was in a breeze that blew no stronger at its best than fourteen knots. At 1.55 P.M. *Valkyrie*, going to the outer mark, went to starboard of *Vigilant*. Flying home *Vigilant* set a large jib-topsail, which she had run up in stops just after turning the outer mark.

*Valkyrie* rounded the fifteen-mile flag at 1 hour 58 min. 6 sec.; eight minutes and six seconds astern of the *Vigilant*. She was applauded royally, vocally, and with powder and steam. Her skipper evidently thought there was yet hope for her in the long spin to the lightship. Reaching, her admirers have persisted in declaring, is her forte, and she did bowl along gallantly.

Two minutes after turning the red flag the Briton set her small jib topsail. It was observed that less than half of her crew were on deck, and they lay near the weather rail to help to keep her up in the wind. A human body crowded into ever so small a space is a wind-catcher, and the *Valkyrie's* skipper and owner realized that they needed every breath they could catch to overhaul the flying American. This carefulness may account for several of the thirty seconds *Valkyrie* gained on *Vigilant*. In the fifteenth mile reach *Vigilant's* big jib topsail headed her off somewhat, and she changed it for one about the size of *Valkyrie's*. The wind continued brisk until the yachts were within about four miles of the finish, then it dropped to half the force it had at its best, and came more from the westward. Sheets were eased a bit and the strugglers headed for the finish.

*Valkyrie* had benefited by the drop in the breeze—that is a rule that applies to all yachts astern in a moderating wind, because they feel the influence of the drop last. *Valkyrie* took in her foretopsail and set her white balloon foretopsail at 3.12, the breeze having canted sufficiently to allow her to use it. Three minutes later *Valkyrie* gathered in her jib topsail, and the *Vigilant* did likewise, preparatory to setting a small balloon jib topsail.

The Briton's great white balloon came out at 3.17; *Vigilant's*, somewhat smaller, burst forth two minutes later. There were many bets on many craft that *Valkyrie* would reduce the lead of the American by two or three minutes on the reach in for the lightship. She really gained only 30 sec., and the gain was not made purely on her merits as a reacher.

The actual time *Vigilant* beat *Valkyrie* from the outer mark home was 7 min. 36 sec. With her allowance from *Vigilant* of 1 min. 48 sec.

"VALKYRIE" WAS DEFEATED BY 5 MIN. 48 SEC.

Race times are:—

| | | H. | M. | S. |
|---|---|---|---|---|
| Start | *Valkyrie* | 11 | 25 | 0 |
| | *Vigilant* | 11 | 25 | 0 |
| Finish | *Valkyrie* | 3 | 38 | 23 |
| | *Vigilant* | 3 | 30 | 47 |
| Time elapsed | *Valkyrie* | 4 | 13 | 23 |
| | *Vigilant* | 4 | 5 | 47 |
| Corrected Times | *Valkyrie* | 4 | 11 | 35 |
| | *Vigilant* | 4 | 5 | 47 |

Mr. Watson came ashore at Bayridge a few moments after the British cutter, which had been towed in by *Luckenbach*, dropped anchor. Lord Dunraven, accompanied by Mr. H. Maitland Kersey, the Marquis of Ormonde, and Lord Wolverton, went on up to the city on the tug *Lewis Pulver*. After dinner Mr. Watson spoke about the race.

### MR. WATSON'S OPINION.

When asked what he thought of the result he replied: "Well, we were about ten minutes too late, that's all."

"Were you bothered as much as, or more than, *Vigilant* by the excursion boats?"—"I daresay we were bothered a little more at the start. It happened through our being the weather boat. The change of wind made us the weather boat, but if the excursion boats had only kept down our lee it would not have been so bad."

"Would you have done better in a strong breeze?"—"Yes, it is possible, but we really know nothing about it. It was no more a test than Thursday's race was. We had the luck then, and *Vigilant* had it to-day.

"Did you get the worst of the wind while running dead before it?"—"We seemed to be gaining at one time. *Vigilant* appeared to get the best of the wind; but you see the race was not what it was to have been. There was no windward work in it. It was a broad reach down and a close one back.

"Did you have to pinch *Valkyrie* on the way back?"—"Oh, no, it was a nice close reach all the way. Everything was drawing all right, but we got into a very flat place just before we finished."

"Why did you not set your spinnaker further forward, as *Vigilant* did, so that the wind would spill into your head-sails?"—"Oh, we don't believe in that. I think when you get your pole so far forward it ceases to be of any benefit?"

"Could you have blanketed *Vigilant* on the run out?"—"Yes, but we could not have done so honourably. We kept as nearly as possible to our course. It would not have been square. So far as we could see by our compass, we kept dead on our course."

"How was it *Valkyrie* picked up at the finish and then lost?"—"We ran into a soft place towards the close. *Vigilant* may have done so, too, but, of course, we could not tell, and it may have been that that made it appear we were catching her."

### AMERICAN OPINION.

It was a happy crowd on *Vigilant* when she reached her anchorage. Mr. Iselin's face was wreathed in smiles, and every one on board looked pleased, except possibly Mr. Kerr. Just as Mr. Kerr was leaving, Mr. Iselin said, "I hope we will see you on Monday." Mr. Kerr laughed and said, "Yes, if you don't throw me overboard."

Mr. Iselin rejoined, "Tell them" (meaning Lord Dunraven and his friends) "that I am awfully glad we won, and sorry they lost."

"Oh," said Mr. Kerr, "we can take a licking. All I hope is that we will have a more satisfactory day next time. A beat to windward and more wind would suit us better."

"So it would us," broke in Mr. Iselin.

Mr. Iselin, in speaking of the race, said later that so far as he knew no mistake had been made on either side. "You see, the wind was so that at no time was it a test of speed to windward. All was running and reaching."

Mr. Iselin said he considered *Vigilant* a better boat at all points of sailing than *Valkyrie*. When asked if he considered that the wind had been equal for both boats he replied: "Yes, so far as I was able to judge; but, of course, I cannot tell exactly what wind *Vigilant* got."

"Do you think a race like to-day's is a good test of a boat's capabilities?"—"No, I do not; going to windward is the best test of all and we had none to-day. I hope we may have some of it in Monday's race, as to-day it was a broad reach out and a close reach back. A beat to windward is *Vigilant's* strongest hold, and I think we will show up better when we have such a test than we did to-day."

### THE FEATURES OF THE CONTEST.

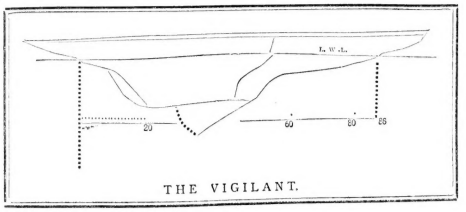
There were two distinct features in to-day's contest. The first was the extreme beauty of the start. After a remarkable exhibition of skill by both sailing masters in manœuvring for position they crossed the line so near together that some spectators feared there might be a foul. Of this there was no real danger, but *Valkyrie*, which led was overlapped for half her length by *Vigilant*. But while the American skipper did well at the helm, his crew showed decided inferiority to the men of *Valkyrie*. In no place was this more plainly visible than when the stake boat was rounded. *Valkyrie's* men worked deliberately, but with absolute precision, and the canvas came down and went up without hitch or flaw. On *Vigilant* the great balloon jib caught on the royal stay, and for several precious minutes a triangular breadth of canvas at least ten feet high and three on the base was exposed square across the wind, while a great mass of fluttering stuff hung below the bowsprit.

It has been noticed further that the Yankee crew has not set the spinnaker a single time without making a mess of it. The head has invariably failed to break out when first hoisted, and when it was set for the last time to-day it was not raised within four feet of the halliard block, and the foot dragged in the water on two or three occasions.

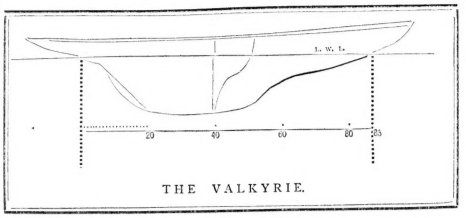
Mr. Watson, Mr. Nat Herreshoff, and a number of American yacht designers were entertained by Admiral August Belmont on the steam-yacht *Iluna*, on Saturday night. Before he left, Mr. Watson said he hoped there would be a breeze on Monday, but he added, after looking at the sky: "I am afraid there won't." He further said that he thought *Valkyrie* would prove to be quite as good as *Vigilant* in windward work, in spite of the latter's centreboard. He did not seem to be at all satisfied with Saturday's race, stating that it was a great disappointment to him that there was no windward work through the shifting of the wind, as it might be the only chance they would have of testing *Valkyrie* to windward. "I hope," said he, "the wind will shift to-morrow, for as two legs of the course will be to windward, the more we have of it the better we like it. If we are beaten in a good fair breeze I will have nothing to say, but you can't expect a man who has travelled 3,000 miles to race to feel satisfied with such winds as we had on Thursday and Saturday."

### THE BAD-MANNERED CROWD.

NEW YORK, Sunday.—Probably the most indignant man in New York to-day over the manner in which the excursion steamboats interfered with the yachts in their race on Saturday is ex-Commodore Gerry of the New York Yacht Club. He said that if the crowd is not better mannered to-morrow the club may exercise its prerogative and have




THE VIGILANT.




THE VALKYRIE.

The official measurements of *Valkyrie* and *Vigilant* by the New York Yacht Club show the *Vigilant's* sail area to be much in excess of *Valkyrie's*. By the Y.R.A. rule (which accurately measures the sail area), *Vigilant* has 1,307 sq. ft. more sail than *Valkyrie*, and her mainsail must also be of greater area, as the mainboom is of enormous length—nearly 7 ft. longer than *Valkyrie's*. The official measurements are as follows:—

| | *Valkyrie.* | *Vigilant.* |
|---|---|---|
| Length of load water-line | 85.50 ft. | 88.19 ft. |
| Mainboom end to fore side of mast | 92.69 ft. | 99.37 ft. |
| Foreside of mast to jib-topsail stay | 66.16 ft. | 75.90 ft. |
| Mainboom end to bowsprit end (jib top-sail stay | 158.76 ft. | 175.27 ft. |
| Length of gaff | 55.57 ft. | 54.76 ft. |
| Deck to topsail halliard | 114.86 ft. | 125.96 ft. |
| Deck to hounds | 63.30 ft. | 69.09 ft. |
| Length of topmast | 51.55 ft. | 56.80 ft. |
| Length of spinnaker boom | 77.02 ft. | 78.63 ft. |
| Sail area | 10,042 sq. ft. | 11,272 sq. ft. |
| Sailing length | 93.11 ft. | 98.78 ft. |
| Sail area, Y.R.A. rule | 10,271 sq. ft. | 11,578 sq. ft. |

the remainder of the races sailed at Newport. Lord Dunraven would have been justified, he said, in hoisting his protest flag after the start and going back to *May* and demanding a new race. The boats could be made to do the same as the *Electra*, and they would see just as much of the race. They not only get on the yachts' weather quarter and stop all the wind, but they come so close as to give them their wash as well.

"I understand that on Saturday the owners of the steamer *Monmouth*, which crowded across the line at the finish, tendered an apology to the regatta committee for their conduct after the race." "That is all very well, but their apologies did not help *Vallyrie*, which suffered through their carelessness."

While everything was quiet off shore at Bayridge, where *Valkyrie* and *Vigilant* lay peacefully at anchor, there was plenty of excitement on shore, and at the lowest estimate over 20,000 persons visited that usually quiet suburb to get a view of the rival racers.

Captain Cranfield said everything was all right on *Valkyrie*, and that he had granted shore leave to over two-thirds of the crew. He added that not a rope-yarn had been parted in Saturday's race, and that all he wanted for the next struggle was a fair breeze, and not a fluke like that which prevailed on Saturday.

On *Vigilant* Captain Hansen, who was found near the wheel, said there was nothing new, and that no visitors had been allowed on board in the absence of Mr. Iselin. When congratulated on Saturday's victory, he said, "That's all right. We will win every race. All we want is a good breeze, and the more wind the better we will like it.

THE NEXT ENCOUNTER.

It is understood that in case Lord Dunraven fails to win the Cup with *Valkyrie*, another boat will be built and another challenge issued next year. Monday's race will be a triangular one of thirty nautical miles—ten miles to a leg. The first leg will be to windward if possible, the second a reach, and the third a run.

The start will be made, as usual, off the Sandy Hook lightship at 11.25 o'clock. The weather indications favour light north-westerly winds, although the yachts may catch some of the storm which is raging over Michigan just now.

## THE ARDLAMONT SHOOTING CASE.

### "SCOTT" KNOWN TO BE IN LONDON.

The ordinary police inquiries, which are all the Procurator Fiscal has as yet authorized in London, have reached an acute stage says our special correspondent. It may be a matter of wonder to the English people to learn that at the present moment the hands of justice down south are tied. For some considerable time it has been known in London who the wanted man "Scott" is, and who his associates are, yet, incredible to relate, the Procurator Fiscal, it would seem, hesitates to act. The key to the Monson trial is in London, but the Procurator has not even invoked the aid of Scotland Yard to the extent of requesting special officers to be detailed to work up this case. Certain officers have made inquiries, all of which tend to implicate other people than the prisoner Monson, and have reported to that effect to the Procurator. Meanwhile as a proof that it is recognized that the identity of Scott may have to be tested at any moment, the Scotch constable from Tighnabruiach still remains in London to offer his services in that respect. The photograph found at Ardlamont, which was at first supposed to resemble "Scott," has now been spoken to decisively as a friend of the Monson's—of the name of Rutter. It is only fair to add that the London police never thought it was "Scott."

THE POLICE HAVE NO FUNDS TO WORK WITH.

"Scott" is known to a good many people in London, and the secret of his present whereabouts is also known extensively among the class to which he belongs. The present position is this: The police say they have no power to act on suspicion and are handicapped for want of funds! Why Major Hambrough has not thought fit to offer a reward for the apprehension of "Scott" is considered on all hands little less than extraordinary. The man "Scott" (judged without prejudice) by his absence has deprived the authorities of his testimony as to the death of young Hambrough. It is not too much to say Monson's life is now in his hands. His real name is in everybody's mouth who knows anything of the case, and I say without fear of contradiction the extraordinary delay of the Procurator Fiscal in not ordering prompt measures is as good in effect as to give the man "Scott" notice to leave the country. It is obvious that to let a man know he is "wanted" is tantamount to saying "get off." Yet that is precisely what has been done indirectly. Who is responsible for this state of affairs? With regard to the persistent reports of the discovery of pieces of young Hambrough's skull, I am able to state the medical gentlemen who completed the autopsy do not consider the shot by which Lieutenant Hambrough met his death was fired with such effect as the detachment of the entablement of fragments of the skull. It is their theory that the gun must have been fired at a distance of at least ten feet from the head of the victim.

THE ATTEMPT TO INSURE THE TWO HAMBROUGHS.

I have ascertained, adds our correspondent, that Monson, Tottenham, Major Hambrough, and young Hambrough, towards the end of 1890, and for some months in 1891, were engaged at the laboratory of an analytical chemist in Chancery-lane, having tests made for indications of Bright's disease both in Major Hambrough and young Hambrough. At that time the chemist was told that it was desired, by a long course of daily tests, to choose a favourable opportunity for submitting both the Hambroughs' lives for insurance. As far as my informant knows such an opportunity was not found during some twenty visits to the laboratory. A young German of the name of Baron von Blome, who was some time back staying at the Hotel Victoria, has come forward to say that while there he saw Monson about raising some money. Monson told him he thought he could do what the Baron wished, but he must first insure his life. Baron Blome was subsequently invited to Ardlamont, but did not go.

PARTICULARS ABOUT CLAUDE SCOTT.

It is curious that it has not come out before, but it is nevertheless the fact that Mrs. Monson has a relative whose name is really Scott Mrs. Monson—who was a Miss Day—had a sister named Rosa. Rosa Day, some five or six years ago, married Claude Scott, the only son of the wealthy proprietor of large ironworks, at Goole, in Yorkshire.

Young Scott, who would now be about thirty or thirty-one years of age, was destined for the engineering profession; and he was engaged in studying for some years in London. His father, who was then alive, sent the young man abroad on one or two long voyages in sailing ships as a passenger. He also acted in the capacity of engineer on board several steamers, notably at one time on board the *Ceylon*, a pleasure steam yacht in the Mediterranean. But the photograph of Scott which the Procurator-Fiscal sent to London, and which was reproduced in this paper, does not resemble this Claude Scott in the slightest degree.

## ATTEMPTED RAILWAY OUTRAGE IN BOHEMIA.

VIENNA, Monday.—A signalman of the North-Western Railway at Neu Bidschow, in Bohemia, yesterday discovered an iron tube lying across the track. He removed it at once, and just in time to prevent a passing passenger train from running over it. On examination it was found that the tube was filled with a highly explosive gunpowder. The perpetrators of the outrage are still unknown.—*Dalziel.*

## THE FRANCO-RUSSIAN FETES.

PARIS, Monday.—The Cadiz correspondent of the *Figaro* learns that Admiral Avellan is making arrangements to permit all the Russian officers to visit Paris in turn. After the journey to Paris the Russian Admiral intends to make the reception on board his flagship coincide with the launching of the new French warship *Jaureguiberry*.—*Reuter.*

## M. DE LESSEPS REPORTED TO BE DYING.

PARIS, Monday.—It is stated here that M. Ferdinand de Lesseps is lying in a dying condition at his country house of La Chesnaye.

## THE LATE MR. MADOX BROWN.

The funeral of the late Mr. Ford Madox Brown is to take place at Finchley Cemetery on Wednesday next at 12.30.

## THE CORNISH MINING DISASTER.

The body of chief timberman Pollard was recovered yesterday from the Doleoath mine.

Sir Horace Davey, the newly appointed Lord Justice of Appeal, disembarked at Plymouth this morning from the steamer *Grantully Castle*.

## THE PEARY GREENLAND EXPEDITION.

### LAST LETTER FROM HERR ASTRUP.

### GOOD-BYE FOR A YEAR.

BOWDOIN BAY, NORTH GREENLAND (lat. 78° 35' N.), August 20, 1893.

The moment has now come when I again shall bid civilization good-bye for a whole year—may be for ever and aye—in order to pass a solitary, dangerous, and strange existence up yonder among those glittering glaciers and snow-covered peaks that rise before my eye in this vast solitude. Naturally, at this serious moment of sending a farewell, one's thoughts revert to home and friends, and memories crowd into the mind of the dear ones far away over the seas, while an ardent desire arises to send you and them a last greeting and a hearty good-bye. To-day, then, is severed the last thread which connects us with the outer world, inasmuch as the vessel *Falcon*, the vessel which carried us safely and well to this our temporary destination, in a few hours will heave anchor and stand to sea, leaving our little colony in the ice-capped confines of the globe to its quiet, lonely fate, but not one terrible to contemplate by any means. For although the Arctic winter night is long, there is a glorious summer behind it. Since my last letter (*Pall Mall Gazette*, September 8) the expedition has experienced many ups and downs, which would, perhaps, interest readers; but should my letter fail to be as entertaining as I might wish the reason must be that our life is so fraught with sudden dangers and difficulties that they pall upon you and become matters of everyday occurrence. We left St. Johnson July 4, and it was our intention before setting course for Greenland to call on the coast of Labrador, in order to begin to collect the number of dogs so essential to our ultimate success. The voyage thither was by no means boisterous once the seas swept the decks of the *Falcon* over and over again, so that my poor little mules, which were penned forward, often stood to their knees in water. In consequence some of them contracted inflammation of the lungs, and had to be shot; but the rest did fairly well when they had been removed to more sheltered quarters. And one of our Norwegian dogs, brought from Philadelphia, was lost too, I much regret to say. It was valued the more as it had been with us on our first expedition. Most probably it had been swept overboard, as we found its collar and chain hanging over the side.

COLLECTING DOGS.

In Hopedale, the easternmost of the English Eskimo colonies, we only obtained a few animals that could be of any use, but we were informed of places where more were obtainable, and the following day we called at two other smaller colonies, although with little success. In all we collected twenty sledge dogs, and having ascertained that further search would be useless, we shaped our course for Greenland direct. The voyage along the coast of Labrador takes a peculiar and interesting course, as a Norwegian, when even from the fifty-fifth parallel huge masses of drift ice and bergs are encountered, and a very advantageous comparison is naturally drawn with the shores of Norway, which are free from ice much further north—in fact, where pack ice is unknown. However, on the other hand, the coast of Greenland is ice-free from Cape Farewell up to Upernivik. On July 26 we shall, according to the sailing, have been nearly abreast of the Danish colony Holsteinborg, but a thick fog obscured the land. However, in course of the afternoon it lifted, the sun came out smiling, and there lay the shores of Greenland—a long, irregular mass of rocks, crowned by airy peaks and glittering glaciers, terminating in cliffs varying from the purest white to the deepest blue and violet—a truly grand, picturesque, and never-to-be-forgotten sight. In the evening we obtained a pilot, who took us into Holsteinborg, where in the course of a few hours, we obtained a considerable addition to our flock of dogs, viz., seventeen sound, good animals. About midnight we weighed anchor, steering for the colony of Godhavn, in the Disco Island. Two days' sailing carried us to the "capital" of this part of Greenland, where, as is always the case, we met with a most hearty and fine reception, commencing with a salute from the battery and ending with a small but elegant dinner at the "Inspektör's," to which we were invited Mr. and Mrs. Peary, the Governor, and the Governor of the locality. Unfortunately, our old friend Inspector Anderson, the highest official in North Greenland, was absent on one of his customary boat journeys; but, thanks to the courtesy and forethought of the Danish Government, orders had been forwarded to the Governor to place at our disposal the largest possible number of dogs obtainable, so that in a very short while we found ourselves the possessors of another five and twenty strong animals. We could therefore leave Godhavn already the same night, and a few days later we called at Upernivik, the northernmost of the Danish colonies, where we obtained ten more dogs, while on the following day another seventeen were secured at the neighbouring summer settlement, Tasuisak, bringing our entire stock up to eighty-nine animals, or as many as we were likely to obtain in the best of circumstances. We may besides take into account the dogs which we are able to obtain from the Eskimo around our winter quarters, so that it seems there is no danger of us "running short" on this all-important score.

PUTTING ON A RECORD.

On July 31 we were at the southern end of Melville Bay, where, at the so-called "Dudesland," we turned in a seal shooting after each other wildfowl, but with scant success. In the course of the following four-and-twenty hours—or, as Peary has recorded it, 24 hours 50 minutes—we succeeded in running right across Melville Bay, a sea simply abhorred by whalers on account of the heavy pack generally adrift here. We were not in the least delayed by the ice, reaching Cape York, the northernmost settlements and the uttermost of the following day. This is beyond dispute the quickest passage on record of Melville Bay, and further confirms Peary's previous assertion that the voyage from Newfoundland to Whale Sound, in North Greenland, may be calculated almost to a day, if due advantage be taken of the brief but favourable time. Cape York—or, more to the point, the Arctic Circle—the uppermost tribe dwelling on our earth, most of them old friends from last year. They were at present "staying in the country" in their tents, namely, amusing themselves during the fine summer days with the pleasant shooting of wild fowl, and in hunting the dangerous narwhal in their frail "kajaks, a most exciting sport, indeed, as thus described they spend the time in sleeping or partaking of Lucullic meals, at which the *pièce de résistance* consists of seal or walrus meat, having the appearance of diseased cheese, while as dessert is served penguins long past the "very highest" stage of deliciousness. They were very pleased to see their old friends "the returning explorers" again, some ancient family feuds coming down shore shouting "Kjeimo! Kjeimo!" ("Welcome! Welcome!") And the cry soon resounded from near and far, the most curious conversation in the world being soon in full swing. Personally, I speak, I feel sure, Eskimo fluently. I know some five hundred words, and these I string together in the neatest manner imaginable, with the least knowledge of grammar. And the result is as effective as puzzling to the listener. The first and indeed most anxious question on our side, it may well be imagined, was whether anything had been heard of Verhoeff, who was lost in a ravine on our last expedition. But, alas! they had nothing to tell. There cannot, therefore, be any longer doubt that the unhappy man—our geological assistant—have perished in the attempt to cross the glacier now bearing his name. When subsequently steaming northwards we searched for natives in Saunder's Island and North Star Bay, but in vain. However, at the entrance to Whale Sound we met two families, old acquaintances, who had visited us last year at "Redcliffe House," and whom we took on board with their belongings, and about a ton of seal meat for our dogs, taking them with us to our winter quarters. On August 3 the *Falcon* cast anchor at the bottom of Bowdoin Bay, a bight about twenty nautical miles east of our winter quarters in MacCormick Bay, and well sheltered from wind and sea, with a rather favourable access to the inland ice. Thus closed the first act of the present expedition.

NOW A LIVELY TIME AGAIN.

First we had to get all the materials for our house ashore, so that its erection might commence forthwith; then came a multiplicity of barrels and boxes, which all had to be stowed in certain pre-determined places in and around the house. The latter is indeed as good as furnished, and is remarkably snug and comfortable. It contains several rooms, of which should first be mentioned Mr. and Mrs. Peary's chamber, then a roomy officers' mess for Mr. Entrikins and myself; madam's *sanctum sanctorum*, and, finally, the cabins for the other members. On August 12, Peary started with a few followers northwards to hunt walruses for feeding our dogs in the winter. They killed in one night twenty-four, and a little further north five more, besides some eider ducks. This gave us in all some twenty tons of dogs' meat. But unfortunately a south-west storm put an end to the shooting, and the vessel then entered Uplich Bay, to seek reindeer. Here they were found in such a number that seventeen animals were shot in one hunt. On the 17th *Falcon* was back in Bowdoin Bay. Meanwhile I had not been idle, for besides having to guide the erection and arrangements of the house, as the "experienced" builder, I had already commenced the most laborious task which we have to undertake—namely, to bring provisions and gear up on the inland ice, to be kept well covered, ready for the sledge journey next spring. Men, dogs, and mules have worked incessantly, still we have only made our first ascent a day. As regards our further work during the autumn, some of the members under Peary himself will be engaged in reindeer shooting, and from the large numbers hitherto encountered we estimate that our total may be from fifty to seventy animals in all, perhaps more. Peary purposes also for this work to engage some four or five Eskimos, whom he will equip with Winchester repeaters for the purpose —a novel experiment, but a very sure one. Meanwhile I shall, with two men, and fifty dogs already communicated in my telegram by the *Falcon* (*Pall Mall Gazette*, October 2), make an attack on the inland ice, conveying provisions for next year's journey to certain depôts. I purpose, if possible, sledging halfway to Independence Bay, our last terminus on the north-east coast. Of "Radcliffe House," our former winter residence, there is nothing left. The Eskimo have pulled it down and used the materials, as it may be remembered that timber in particular is very rare and high-priced in these regions. But *Falcon* at this moment blows her siren—the signal of pending departure—and I must conclude my correspondence for this occasion. Shall I be here a year hence to resume it? and, if so, what news shall I then have to send you of journeys, dangers, difficulties, and discoveries in Arctic regions never visited by mankind? Shall *we* reach the mystic Pole, the goal of so many hapless explorers? Who knows? Hitherto all has gone well, and our prospects for a pleasant and easy winter sojourn, as well as for a successful journey to the North next year are bright, and in every respect promising. But again the good ship sends her shrill warning, the last message from the world of civilization. So, therefore, good-bye!

ELVIND ASTRUP.

## THE BATH CAVE MYSTERY.

### THE ACCUSED BEFORE THE MAGISTRATES.

BATH, Monday (Special).—There was a renewal of the excitement caused by what is now generally known as the Bath mystery when Arthur Stevenson Coombs was to-day brought up at Weston police-court charged with the murder of Elizabeth Luke, otherwise Wilkie, a young woman with whom he kept company, and whose remains were found in a cave on the Hampton Downs after a lapse of two years. The court was crowded, and the greatest interest was manifested in the proceedings. The prisoner had been conveyed to Weston from Bristol Prison by an early train, and very few persons had then assembled. He looked cheerful, and nodded to his father as he entered the dock. The young woman Sheppard, to whom he was about to be married, was not in court to-day. Mr. Collins again prosecuted for the Treasury, and Mr. Titley defended.

THE CASE FOR THE PROSECUTION.

On the prisoner being placed in the dock, his solicitor applied for a subpœna to compel the attendance of Miss Williams, who conducts the mission which the prisoner and the deceased used to attend. He wanted from her certain dates which the prosecution would not admit. Mr. Collins reminded the court in criminal matters facts could not be admitted. But he promised the witness should be in attendance if necessary. With that Mr. Titley was satisfied and the calling of witnesses proceeded. Annie Cox, with whom the deceased was a fellow servant, spoke to giving her the brooch, which was exactly like the one found by the police in the prisoner's bedroom. Mrs. Poole, wife of a solicitor's clerk, proved seeing the deceased go past the prisoner's house on the Sunday before Bank Holiday, the day before she disappeared, and five minutes later Coombs left the house and followed in the same direction.

## THE STRUGGLE IN THE COAL TRADE.

### THE MAYORAL MEETING AT SHEFFIELD.

A Sheffield correspondent telegraphs that the Midland mayors mediating in the coal dispute will hold a private meeting this morning in order to finally settle the course of procedure prior to receiving the deputations from coalowners and miners. The conference is to be conducted with closed doors, and is apparently expected to occupy some considerable time, the Town Clerk of Sheffield having arranged for five o'clock tea being served to the gentlemen present.

RENEWED RIOTING AT BURTON ON TRENT.

A Burton-on-Trent correspondent telegraphs that there was a renewal of riotous scenes yesterday at Nadin and Company's collieries, at Newhall, Burton-on-Trent. The firm having attempted to dispatch loads of coal during their pumping-station, which is a short distance from the pits, and supplies the Local Board district with water, the miners made a rush for the waggons. After overpowering the mounted police and soldiers, upset the waggons. The police and military speedily rallied, and the rioters were dispersed. Three magistrates were in attendance to read the Riot Act.

## SHOCKING DEATH OF A CHILD FROM NEGLECT.

BLACKBURN, Monday (Special).—The East Lancashire coroner to-day received information of the death of a child named Smalley, son of a Darwen spinner, who is now undergoing a sentence of three months' hard labour for cruelly neglecting it. The child, which when found weighed only five pounds instead of eleven, was lying in indescribable filth, with a large proportion of its body quite raw. For the last fortnight the child had been in the workhouse infirmary, but its case was hopeless.

## FEVER AND DIPHTHERIA IN ESSEX.

Owing to the prevalence of scarlet fever and other infectious diseases at Romford, several of the public elementary schools in the town were closed this morning. An order will probably be issued to-day for all the Board schools to be closed, and at several of the churches yesterday notice was given that the Sunday schools would not open whilst the epidemic prevailed in the adjoining villages there is an epidemic of diphtheria.

## THE HIGH WYCOMBE MURDER.

Richard Avery, twin brother of the man in custody, charged with shooting—at the village of Bledlow—a farmer named Kingham, who had gone out in search of poachers, was arrested yesterday on suspicion of complicity in the murder. The prisoner was brought before the magistrates at High Wycombe this morning, and remanded until Thursday.

## PLOUGHING COMPETITION IN LINCOLNSHIRE.

The first ploughing competition in connection with technical education took place in the parish of Dunston, St. Nicolas, Lincolnshire; a grant of £10 given for the purpose by the Kesteven County Council was given in prizes. Instruction was given previous to the competition. The entries were numerous, and the greatest interest was shown in the trials. The results were highly satisfactory, and clearly proved that grants for this purpose is a matter of great benefit to the young agricultural labourer. The local committee is composed of working men, with the Rev. W. Benson, vicar, as secretary.

## THIS MORNING'S WEATHER REPORTS.

AT 8 O'CLOCK.—Newhaven, E.N.E., fine, some clouds, sea smooth, temp. 57; Ryde, S.E., warm sunshine, sea moderate, 55; Worthing, N.E., fine, some clouds, sea smooth, 56.

AT 9 A.M.—Barmouth, E., fine, sea smooth; Margate, temp. 58, bar. 29.75, falling, wind E., bright sunshine; Aberystwyth, N.E., fine, sea calm; Brighton, N.E., fine, sea calm; Eastbourne, S.E., fine, sea rough; Hastings, S.E., lovely, sea, rough; Cromer, S.E., cloudy, bar. 29.85, falling; Liverpool, E.S.E., cloudy, bar. 29.8, rising; Bournemouth, E., fine; Ilfracombe, W., wet; Southampton, S.E., cloudy; Falmouth, S.E., cloudy, sea smooth; Pembroke, S.E., fine, sea moderate; Plymouth, N.E., showery, sea smooth; Torquay, S.E., cloudy, sea rough; Torquay, E., cloudy, sea rough; Weston-super-Mare, N.E., cloudy, sea smooth; Weymouth, E., stormy, sea moderate; New Milford, N.W., fine, sea calm.

AT 9.30 A.M.—Boulogne, clear and fine, temp. 54; Berne, fine morning, 55; Calais, clear and fine, 53; Bienne Macolin, cloudy, bar. 23.85, falling, wind S., some clouds, 58; Brunig, clear and fine, 54; Caux-sur-Montreux, warm sunshine, 56; Geneva, fine, some clouds, 55; Lausanne, cloudy, 54; Lucerne, dull, but fine, 58; Brussels, fine, some clouds, 54; Neuchatel, rain morning, 56; Ostend, fine, but dull, 55; Paris, very wet morning, 56; Montreux, fine, some clouds, 56; Rome, warm sunshine, 68; Zermatt, fine morning, 48; Baden-Baden, fine morning, 52; Queenboro', fine some clouds, light wind, fair passage.

## TO-MORROW'S MAILS AND SHIP LETTERS.

MAILS TO BE DESPATCHED.—Morning: To Egypt by Italian packet; to Mauritius via France, and to Queensland (parcel mails), evening: To Lisbon, Rio Janeiro, Monte Video, Buenos Ayres, Falkland Islands, Chili, Bolivia, and Peru via Liverpool; to Zanzibar, Mauritius, Seychelles, Madagascar, &c., by French packet; to Grand Canary, Accra, Lagos, and south-west coast of Africa via Liverpool; to Portugal via Liverpool (parcel mails).

MAILS DUE.—From Natal, Cape of Good Hope, and Madeira via Plymouth; from Canada, &c., by direct Packet.

PRIVATE SHIP LETTERS.—*Albert, Edith, Swift*, or *Leona* from Hull for Rotterdam; *Hanza, Sultan, Flamingo*, or *Sprite* from Hull for Hamburg; —— from Southampton for Cherbourg.

TO HOLIDAY MAKERS, TOURISTS, AND TRAVELLERS.

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BECHSTEIN PIANOS.—CHAS. STILES and CO. offer these magnificent Pianos on the THREE YEARS SYSTEM at the most advantageous prices and terms. Apply for list to CHAS. STILES and CO., 40 and 42, Southampton-row, Holborn, W.

# CITY NOTES.

### THE CRUSADE AGAINST OUTSIDE BROKERS.

The lot of the bucket shop is not a happy one—although by the way we see signs that several members of the fraternity, after a few months of comparative harmlessness, are again coming into evidence with their wily circulars and all the other paraphernalia with which they part the fool and his money. They not only have to withstand powerful onslaughts such as those with which the *Financial Times* has identified itself, but there is now a very strong movement against them among the members of the Stock Exchange itself. We have already dealt with the agitation among members against the use of the Exchange Telegraph Company's tape machines by outside brokers—to give the fraternity its most respectable name—and we now hear that it is proposed to seek legislative aid in the next session of Parliament by means of a short bill in the direction of bringing bucket shops and tape betting establishments generally under the penalties attaching to other betting and gaming houses. Possibly, however, the Committee may see their way to take sufficiently stringent measures to deal with the subject, for the present, on the tape machine petition which was sent in on Saturday.

### THE NEW YORK BANK RETURN.

Many believed that the reserve in this week's return of the New York Associated Banks would make a better showing even than it does, but in spite of this the figures of the return must be regarded as satisfactory. The following is our usual summary:—

| | This Week. | Last Week. | Last Year. |
|---|---|---|---|
| Loans and discounts | £78,663,000 | £78,493,000 | £92,660,000 |
| Specie | 16,874,000 | 16,158,000 | 14,381,000 |
| Legal tenders | 8,861,000 | 8,216,000 | 9,627,000 |
| Deposits | 80,040,000 | 78,196,000 | 94,484,000 |
| Reserve | 25,735,000 | 24,374,000 | 24,008,000 |
| Surplus reserve | 5,725,000 | 4,825,000 | 337,000 |

The progress here indicated is steady and on the right lines. The reserve has increased by a million and a half sterling, owing principally to the larger sums placed under the control of the banks in the way of deposits. Those show an increase of two million sterling and the excess of the actual reserve over the legal reserve (one quarter of the deposits) accordingly shows an augmentation of a million and a half. The gold reserve in the Treasury, by the way, is now at the lowest point yet reached, less than eighteen millions sterling, but the Treasury has been paying the metal out freely and the diminution has not shaken confidence.

### CONTRACTS AND CONTRACTORS.

We have received from a correspondent the following remarks relating to the City Note on "Contract Stories" appearing in Saturday's issue:—

Your outspoken comments on contractors and their ways are certainly called for. In spite of the complaints which have appeared again and again, even, I believe, in your own columns, very few seem to have awakened to the fact that a contract in the narrower sense of the word is the same as a contract in the wider sense. If I enter into a contract to buy so much stock and pay for it on a certain day I am not allowed to cry off in the case of the speculation proving to me a losing one. But if a "contractor" undertakes a public work, and it does not turn out to his profit, he is generally allowed to cry off, as in the instances you mention, and often without any penalty whatsoever. There are two views of the question I think, which you do not deal with. In the first place, and I have a concrete instance affecting myself in mind, the public are often led into enterprises on the strength of a contractor's estimate, and they have no chance of withdrawing when they find that the estimate, as is usually the case, is ridiculously erroneous, and that the enterprise will cost half as much again. In the next place it seems to me that these erroneous estimates sap the whole benefit of the contract system. What, as you ask, is the use of an estimate at all if it is not correct? A conscientious contractor knows that if he makes due allowance for contingencies the sum he estimates will look large beside that of his brother contractor, who knows that under the usual usage he will be able to modify his estimate or withdraw altogether. In fact we have come to such a pass that a first estimate means nothing.

### AMERICAN TIN PLATE INDUSTRY UNDER THE TARIFF.

It will be remembered that Secretary Carlisle at Washington recently gave instructions to the gentleman who has charge of what we may call the United States Tin Plate Statistics Department to prepare his figures of the home production, and the imports of this commodity, on a different basis from that which had up to that time prevailed, by excluding from the category of American tinplate those plates which were merely dipped in the country. We have the first result of the new method of computation before us now. The particulars are said to be from the sworn statement of manufacturers, and they show that the position of the industry in the States, while better than it was, is by no means in the flourishing condition that was expected of it, so that there is hope still for South Wales. The total consumption of tin and terne plates during the fiscal year ended June 30 last was 720,000,000 lb., of which only 15 per cent. was manufactured in the country. The block steel and iron plate turned out was 63,581,541 lb., while the tin and terne plate manufactured is put at 99,819,202 lb. The American sheet iron and steel made into articles and wares, tin or terned plates, was 8,802,681 lb., while the quantity of tin plates imported for immediate consumption was 611,949,980 lb. Of this the quantity on which duty was paid and which was used for the manufacture of articles exported with benefit of drawback was 128,863,227 lb. The relative smallness of this total will not cause surprise when the multifarious uses to which tin plate is put for export purposes are borne in mind. On the whole it is matter for surprise that the home production—which, however, shows an improvement to the extent of over 86,000,000 lb. on the previous twelve months should have been so small in the face of the high duty levied on the imported article by the McKinley tariff. Even if this measure were not already doomed and the customs tariff certain to be considerably reduced under the new measure that is to be passed, the old duty would have had to be abolished, because the liberal conditions have not been fulfilled. The product from American plates has not exceeded five-eighths of the one-third requirement of the law which provides that "during any one year of the term of five years the domestic production of tinplate must equal one-third of the importations during any one of such years, otherwise the duty on tinplate will be abolished."

## FINANCIAL DIARY OF THE PAST WEEK.

The following record of the principal events affecting the financial world, continued from previous weeks, may prove of value for the purposes of easy reference. The idea is to give, every Monday, or oftener, a concise history of the preceding financial week:—

*Monday, October* 2.—Rumour as to threatened disruption of the Mexican Railway Pool officially denied.—Another satisfactory New York Bank return.

*Tuesday October* 3.—Publication of proposal of the directors of the Agra Bank to write down their capital owing to losses occasioned by the fall in silver.—Resumption of work at several silver mines in Denver.—Russo-German Commercial Conference opened.

*Wednesday, October* 4.—Official Receiver issues his report in matter of General Phosphate Corporation.—Board of Trade return on railways in 1892 published.—Report of inquiry into affairs of Federal Bank of Australia favours the management.

*Thursday, October* 5.—Bank rate reduced to 3 per cent.—New South Wales Loan subscribed two-and-a-half times over.—Louisville and Nashville report shows surplus balance of 410,000 dols.—Operations in the market and fall in Italian stocks arouse belief that an Italian loan is being negotiated.—Talk of Turkish Conversion.

*Friday, October* 6.—Continued rise in Chartereds, with rumour that it is being engineered in order to pave the way for a new issue of stock.

*Saturday, October* 7.—Victorian Agent-General announces that a proposed issue of Treasury Bills, if made, would be made locally and not in London.—Analysis of Board of Trade returns shows that, in spite of small decrease, they are encouraging.—Petition presented by members to Stock Exchange Committee against use of tape by outside brokers.

### TO-MORROW'S BUSINESS ENGAGEMENTS.

| | | | |
|---|---|---|---|
| Automatic Weigh. Mchine | Holborn Viadct Htl, 12 | N. Wales Narrow Guage R. | Liverpool, 1. |
| Eng.&Scot Amer. Mrt&c. | Winchester House, 12½ | Ooregum Gold Mining ... | Cannon-st. Hotel, 12. |
| Freehold Trust of Australia | 13, Leadenhall-st., 12 | Standard Bk. of S. Africa | Cannon-st. Hotel, 1. |
| Hawaiian Tramways ...... | Cannon-street, 3½. | Winfields | Birmingham, 3. |
| J. and P. Coats | Glasgow, 3. | Bury, Rochdale, &c., Tram | Manchester, 4. |

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# MONEY AND STOCKS.

*Twelve o'clock.*

## A DULL BEGINNING TO THE WEEK.

### THE MONEY MARKET.

There has been only a quiet demand for short loans to-day, and rates continue easy at the previous quotations. Discounts also show an easier tendency after the slight hardening on Saturday, although rates are not appreciably lower. The market is still wondering whether the Treasury will come forward to take money off the market at its present cheap rates by means of an issue of bills. The million just announced, however, merely represents a renewal of bills falling due.

The following are the latest loan and discount rates, the Bank rate standing at 3 per cent.:—

| Loans. | | Deposits. | | Two Months. | | Three Months. | Four Months. | Six Months. |
|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|
| Day... | ½ 1 | Banks | 1½ | Fine Bills | 1¾ | 1⅞ | 1⅞ | 2 |
| 7 Day | ¾ 1 | Dsct Hses | 1&1¼ | Trade Bills | 2¼ | 2¼ | 2¼ | 2½ |

### THE STOCK MARKETS.

| *Next Contango Day.* | *Ticket Day.* | *Pay Day.* | *Consols Pay Day.* |
|---|---|---|---|
| Wednesday, Oct. 11. | Thursday, Oct. 12. | Friday, Oct. 13. | Thursday, Nov. 2. |

Business on the Stock Exchange has had a slightly more active appearance to-day, but there is little real improvement, the near approach of the settlement being adverse to new commitments of any magnitude. The tone however is generally good except in the American department. Consols and other first class securities have been firm on the continued ease in the money market, and Colonial loans in several cases show a further small advance. The revenue statement of New Zealand just published is highly satisfactory. Home Railways have been very quiet, and few changes are recorded. Considerable firmness is shown by the Foreign department. Argentines are higher on the fall of three points in the gold premium and other South American securities are generally strong. Other International stocks are irregular, and Spanish have relapsed a little. American Railroads have followed the lead of Wall-street and are mostly a fraction lower, Louisvilles being chiefly affected; Illinois and Ohio, however, are firm. Mining shares have been rather weak, and Chartereds have relapsed.

The following shows the latest Stock Exchange quotations, the rise (+) or fall (−) which has taken place to-day, and the approximate return per cent. yielded annually by each security purchased by an investor at its present price:—

| Yield | | M'vent to-day. | Latest Price. | |
|---|---|---|---|---|
| s. | **BRITISH FUNDS, ETC.** | | | |
| 2 13 | C'nsols (2¾) Mny | | 98 1/16 | ⅛ |
| 2 13 | Do. Account ... | +1/16 | 98 1/16 | ⅛ |
| 2 12 | New2½perCents. | | 96¾ | 7¼ |
| 2 15 | Local LoansStock | | 103¼ | 4¼ |
| 3 19 | India3½perCents | | 107¼ | ¾ |
| 3 1 | Do. 3 perCents.... | +¼ | 97½ | 8 |
| 3 19 | Do. 4 perCent. Rs. | | 65½ | ¾ |
| 2 19 | BankofEglandSt. | | 330 | 3 |
| 2 18 | Mt.Bd.Wks.3 p.c. | | 103 | 4 |
| 3 0 | Birm'gh'm3½p.c. | | 114 | 15 |
| 3 0 | Liverpool 3½ p.c. | | 116 | 17 |
| | **COLONIAL SECURITIES.** | | | |
| 3 12 | Canada 4 p.c. Reg | | 106 | 8 |
| 3 5 | Do. 3 p. c. Reg. | +¼ | 93½ | 4½ |
| 3 9 | Cape 3½ p.c.C.In. | | 100¼ | 1¼ |
| 3 14 | Natal 3½ p.c. Ins. | | 96¾ | 7¼ |
| 3 16 | N.S.W. 4 p.c. 1933 | +¼ | 101 | ½ |
| 4 1 | „ 3½ 1924 ...... | | 101¼ | 2¼ |
| 3 16 | N'wZlnd4p.c.Cns | +¼ | 104½ | ¾ |
| 4 1 | Qu'nsl'nd4p.c.Ins | | 99½ | 100½ |
| 3 17 | S.Astln.4 p.c.R'g. | +¼ | 102¼ | ¾ |
| 4 0 | Victoria4 p.c. 1885 | | 98 | 9 |
| 4 1 | Do. 3½ p. c. ...... | | 89¼ | ¾ |
| | **BRITISH RAILWAYS.** | | | |
| 4 2 | Brighton Ord. ... | | 165 | 7 |
| 4 16 | Do. A........ | | 147⅝ | ⅞ |
| 3 14 | Caledonian........ | | 112¾ | 13¼ |
| 3 9 | „ Defer. | | 32⅞ | ⅛ |
| nil. | Chatham Ord. ... | | 13⅞ | 14⅛ |
| 3 9 | Do. Pref. ........ | | 95¼ | 6¼ |
| 2 17 | Great Eastern ... | | 75⅞ | 6⅛ |
| 4 8 | Gt. Nth.Ord. Def. | | 52 | 3 |
| 4 3 | Do. A ........... | | 53 | 5 |
| 3 12 | Great Western ... | | 153¼ | 4¼ |
| ... | HullandBarnsley | | 26½ | 7 |
| 3 10 | Lanc. and York... | | 105 | 6 |
| 3 17 | Met. Consolidtd. | | 81 | ½ |
| nil. | Met. District ...... | | 25¼ | 6 |
| 3 17 | Midland ........... | | 150¼ | 1¼ |
| 3 17 | North Brit Pref. | −¼ | 70½ | 1 |
| ... | Do. Def. ........ | | 32¼ | ½ |
| 3 15 | North Eastern ... | +⅛ | 155 | ½ |
| 3 14 | North Stafford ... | | 123 | 5 |
| 3 18 | North Western... | | 165 | ½ |
| 2 12 | Sheffield ........... | | 55 | 7 |
| nil. | Do. A........... | | 24¼ | 5¼ |
| 3 13 | South Eastern ... | | 113 | 15 |
| 2 16 | Do. Deferred... | +⅛ | 69¼ | 70 |
| 3 10 | South Western ... | | 181 | 3 |
| 3 2 | Do. Deferred... | | 65½ | 6½ |
| 3 6 | Do. Preferred... | | 121 | 3 |
| | **FOREIGN STOCKS.** | | | |
| 7 18 | Argntin.5 p.c.1886 | +¼ | 63 | ½ |
| 9 2 | Do.6p.c.Fund g | +¼ | 66 | 7 |
| ... | Do. Cedulas A | +½ | 29½ | 30½ |
| ... | Do. „ B | | 27 | ½ |
| 6 19 | Brazilian 4½ 1888 | −½ | 63 | 4 |
| 6 8 | Do. 1889 ........ | +¼ | 59¼ | 60¼ |
| ... | B.Ayres6 p.c.1883 | | 26 | 8 |
| ... | „ Cedulas I ... | +1 | 7½ | 8 |
| ... | „ „ P... | | 6⅜ | ⅞ |
| 6 16 | Bulgarian ......... | | 91 | 3 |
| 5 17 | Chilian 1886......... | +½ | 77 | 9 |
| nil. | Colombian ......... | +½ | 17 | 19 |
| 10 11 | Costa Rica A ...... | +1 | 56 | 8 |
| 11 18 | „ B ...... | | 53 | 5 |
| 12 5 | Ecuador, New ... | +½ | 36 | 7 |
| 4 19 | Egypt State Dom. | +¼ | 103½ | 4 |
| 4 1 | Do. Unified...... | | 102 | ¼ |
| 4 0 | Do. New Daira | | 102½ | 3½ |
| 3 15 | Do. New 3½p.c. | ---- | 96⅜ | ⅞ |
| 3 1 | French3p.c.R'nt's | −¼ | 97 | ½ |
| 4 7 | Do. 4½p.c.R'nt s | | 103 | 4 |
| ... | Greek 5 p.c. 1881... | | 35 | 6 |
| ... | Do. 5 p.c. 1884... | | 33 | 4 |
| 9 15 | Do. 4p.c.Mon.... | | 38 | 9 |
| ... | Do.4p.c.Rts1889 | +½ | 25 | 6 |
| 8 18 | Guatemala 4p.c.... | | 44 | 6 |
| nil. | Honduras ......... | +¼ | 5½ | 6 |
| 4 7 | Hung.Gold R'nt's | | 92½ | 3 |
| 5 5 | Italian Fives ...... | +3/16 | 82¼ | 3 |
| 10 10 | Mexican6 p.c.1888 | | 61¼ | ¾ |
| nil. | Peruv. Cor......... | | 6¼ | ½ |
| 11 3 | Do. Preference | | 21 | ½ |
| 9 5 | Do. Debentures | | 62¼ | 3¼ |
| ... | P'rt'guese Threes | −⅛ | 21⅛ | ⅜ |
| 4 1 | Russian 4 p.c. 1889 | | 98½ | 9 |
| 6 5 | Spanish 4 p.c. ... | −1/16 | 62⅜ | 3⅛ |
| 4 17 | Transvaal ......... | +¼ | 104½ | 5½ |
| 4 16 | Turkish 1854 ...... | | 103½ | 4½ |
| 1 17 | Conv. A. ......... | | 54½ | 5½ |
| 3 1 | Do. B............... | | 34¼ | ¾ |
| 4 9 | Do. D............... | | 22⅛ | ¼ |
| 4 8 | 4½ p.c. 1871...... | | 100 | ½ |
| 4 4 | Do. Defence '91 | | 93 | ½ |
| ... | Urugy.Cn.3½ p.c. | +½ | 35 | ½ |
| 8 11 | Venezuela ......... | | 36½ | 7½ |
| | **COL. AND FOR. RAILWAYS.** | | | |
| nil. | B.Ayres&Rosario | | 56 | 59 |
| 5 0 | Do. Gt. Sthrn. | | 109 | 11 |
| nil. | Argentine Centrl. | | 60½ | 1½ |
| ... | Do. N.E. Deb. | +1 | 18 | 21 |
| ... | Do. East ......... | | 30 | 34 |
| 6 9 | Canadian Pacific. | | 77⅞ | ⅞ |
| nil. | Grand Trk. Ord. | | 7⅜ | ⅝ |
| nil. | Do. 1st Pref.... | | 51 | ½ |
| nil. | Do. 2nd Pref... | | 33¾ | ⅝ |
| nil. | Do. 3rd Pref... | | 18¼ | 19 |
| 5 5 | Do. Guarantd. | | 67 | ½ |
| nil. | Mexican Ord....... | −¼ | 14¾ | 15¼ |
| 4 4 | Do. 1st Pref... | +¼ | 67½ | 8½ |
| nil. | Do. 2nd Pref.. | | 47 | 8 |
| 8 0 | Mexican Central. | | 53½ | 4½ |
| ... | Mex. Nat. A. ...... | | 22 | 3 |
| 15 12 | Nitrate Railways | | 14 | ¼ |

| Yield | | M'vent to-day. | Latest Price. | |
|---|---|---|---|---|
| £ s. | **AMERICAN RAILROADS.** | | | |
| ... | Atchison Shares. | −⅛ | 20 | ¼ |
| ... | Do. Incomes ... | | 42¼ | ¾ |
| 8 15 | Cent. Pacific Sh.. | −⅛ | 20¾ | 1 |
| 6 11 | Chic. Mil. & St. P. | −⅛ | 61⅛ | ⅜ |
| nil. | Dnvr. & R. Grand | −⅛ | 10 | ¼ |
| ... | Do. Pref. ......... | −¼ | 29¾ | 30¼ |
| nil. | Erie ................. | −⅛ | 14½ | ¾ |
| 7 18 | Do. 2nd Mort.... | −½ | 72½ | 73½ |
| ... | Do. Pref......... | | 29 | 31 |
| 5 4 | Illinois Shares ... | +½ | 95½ | 6½ |
| 4 16 | Lake Shore......... | | 124½ | 5½ |
| 7 0 | Louis and Nash.. | −½ | 49⅞ | 50⅛ |
| ... | Miss. K. & Texas | | 11½ | ¾ |
| 4 16 | N. Y. Central Sh. | | 105 | 6 |
| nil. | N. Y. Ontario...... | −⅛ | 15⅛ | ⅜ |
| ... | Norfolk W. Pref. | | 22¼ | 3 |
| ... | North Pacific Pf.. | −⅜ | 21½ | ¾ |
| nil. | Ohio and Miss.... | +¼ | 16½ | 17 |
| 5 2 | Pennsylvania Sh. | −⅛ | 51½ | 2 |
| nil. | Phil. & Read. Sh. | −⅛ | 9½ | ¾ |
| ... | 1st Incomes...... | | 31½ | 32½ |
| ... | 4 p.c. Gold Bds. | | 69 | 71 |
| nil. | Union Pacific Sh. | −¼ | 19⅜ | ⅝ |
| nil. | Wabash Pref....... | | 15½ | 16 |
| nil. | Do. 6 p.c. Deb. | | 25½ | 6½ |
| | **TELEGRAPH AND TELEPHONE.** | | | |
| 5 8 | Anglo-American. | | 50 | 51 |
| 5 8 | Brazil Submarine | | 11⅞ | 12⅛ |
| 6 1 | Direct U. States.. | | 11¾ | 12 |
| 4 7 | Eastern.............. | | 15 | ¼ |
| 4 12 | Eastern Extensn. | | 15¼ | ½ |
| 5 11 | National Telephn | −1/16 | 4⅝ | ¾ |
| 5 6 | Tel. Constrn....... | | 32 | 4 |
| | **GAS AND ELECTRIC LIGHT.** | | | |
| 6 2 | Brush ............... | | 2⅞ | 3 |
| 5 6 | Gas Light Coke A | | 227 | 30 |
| 5 2 | Imperial Cont. ... | | 232 | 7 |
| 5 6 | S. Metropolitan... | | 304 | 8 |
| 4 14 | Do. B...... | | 249 | 53 |
| 6 8 | Met. Electric .. | | 6¾ | 7¼ |
| 4 15 | Do. 5 p.c. Deb. ... | | 104 | 7 |
| | **MINING AND LAND.** | | | |
| ... | Bechuanaland ... | | 11/6 | 13/6 |
| 37 15 | Broken HillProp. | | 2½ | ⅝ |
| ... | Buitfontein N. E. | | 3/0 | 4/0 |
| ... | Burma Ruby ...... | | 3/ | 4/ |
| 11 15 | Cape Copper ...... | | 1⅛ | ¼ |
| ... | Char. S. Africa ... | −0/6 | 23/6 | 24/6 |
| 5 0 | City & Suburban. | | 10¾ | 11 |
| ... | Cons. G.F.S.Af'ca | −1-32 | 1¼ | 5/16 |
| 7 5 | Crown Reef ...... | | 7⅞ | 8⅛ |
| 8 1 | De Beers ........... | −1/16 | 15 5/16 | 7/16 |
| 9 12 | Durban Rood'p'rt | | 4¾ | 5 1/16 |
| ... | Exploring Co. ... | | 4 | ¼ |
| 4 9 | Geldenhuis ......... | | 4 5/16 | |
| ... | Gordon Diamond. | | 2/6 | 3/6 |
| ... | Jagersfontein...... | +⅛ | 16½ | ¾ |
| ... | Jubilee ............. | | 6⅞ | 7⅛ |
| 4 13 | Jumper's Gold ... | −⅛ | 2½ | ⅝ |
| ... | KimberlyDiamnd | | 1 3/16 | 5/16 |
| 6 16 | Langlaagte ......... | | 2⅞ | 3 |
| 5 13 | Mason and Barry | | 1½ | ¾ |
| ... | Mozambique ...... | +3/16 | 1½ | ¾ |
| 14 4 | Mysore Gold ...... | | 3 5/16 | 7/16 |
| nil. | Namaqua ............ | | ¾ | 1 |
| ... | Oceana Land ...... | −1/16 | 2¼ | ½ |
| 11 12 | Ooregum Gold ... | | 4 5/16 | 7/16 |
| ... | Read's Drift ...... | | ½ | ⅝ |
| 5 7 | Rio Tinto............ | | 13 5/16 | 7/16 |
| 5 0 | Robinson............ | | 4 | ¼ |
| ... | Seven Stars ...... | | ¾ | 1 |
| ... | Do. (Gtd.) | | 1¼ | ½ |
| ... | Silati River......... | | 1/6 | 2/0 |
| 11 2 | Simmer and Jack | | 3¾ | 4⅛ |
| 10 10 | S. A. Exploration | | 8½ | 9 |
| ... | Sheba ............... | | 15/0 | 16/0 |
| 6 15 | Tharsis.............. | | 4⅝ | ⅞ |
| ... | TransvaalDevelp. | | 7/0 | 8/0 |
| ... | Do. Land ... | | 4/0 | 5/0 |
| ... | Wemmer ........... | | 4 5/16 | 7/16 |
| ... | Wentworth Pr. ... | −1-32 | 13/16 | 15/16 |
| nil. | Do. Ord.. | | 9/0 | 10/0 |
| ... | CA&Zoutpansbrg | | 2/3 | 3/0 |
| | **MISCELLANEOUS** | | | |
| 3 18 | Aërated Bread ... | | 7¼ | 8 |
| nil. | Allsopps ........... | +½ | 49 | 50 |
| 6 10 | Do. Pref. ... | +½ | 100 | 101 |
| 6 16 | Bk. of Australasia | | 32 | 4 |
| 7 19 | Bk.of N.S. Wales. | | 39 | 41 |
| ... | Bell's Asbestos... | | 3¾ | 4 |
| 5 19 | Bryant and May.. | | 14⅞ | 15⅛ |
| 5 8 | Coats Ord. ......... | | 15⅜ | ⅝ |
| 4 2 | Do. Pref......... | | 14½ | ¾ |
| nil. | E. & W. India Dk. | | 16 | 20 |
| nil. | Eastman's Ord.... | | 3⅜ | ⅝ |
| nil. | Elmore's Copper. | | ¼ | ⅜ |
| ... | Fraser&Chalmrs. | | 1 | ¼ |
| 6 9 | Gordon Hotels ... | | 15⅛ | ⅜ |
| 4 11 | Guinness & Co. ... | | 354 | 6 |
| nil. | Ham'nd's Meat ... | | 2¼ | ½ |
| nil. | Hotchkiss ......... | | ⅝ | ⅞ |
| 4 0 | Hudson's Bay ... | | 13½ | 14 |
| 5 15 | Lond. & St.K.Dk. | | 43 | 5 |
| nil. | Maxim-N'rd'nflt. | | ¼ | ½ |
| ... | Pears ................. | | 5½ | 6 |
| 5 10 | P. & O. Steam D. | | 182 | 6 |
| nil. | Primitiva Nitrate | | 4⅛ | ⅜ |
| 2 5 | Rail. Invest. Def. | | 15 | 16 |
| 6 15 | Ryl. Mail Steam.. | | 47 | 50 |
| 23 14 | St. Louis Brew... | | 2½ | 3 |
| ... | Salt Union Sh'res | | 3⅜ | ⅞ |
| nil. | San Donato......... | | 1¼ | ¾ |
| 12 10 | San Jorge ......... | | 5 | ½ |
| 14 0 | San Pablo ......... | −⅛ | 3¼ | ¾ |
| 7 18 | S.Afric.Gld. Trst. | | 14/0 | 15/0 |
| 5 14 | Spratt's Patent ... | | 8¼ | ¾ |
| 3 15 | Suez Canal ......... | −½ | 106 | 7 |
| ... | Trustees Exctors | | 5¼ | 4½dis |
| 5 16 | Union Bk.of Aust. | | 41 | 3 |

| Yield. | | Price. | Yield. | | Price. | Yield. | | Price. |
|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|
| £ s. | *Govt., Corpn., &c.* | | £ s | *American Bonds.* | | £ s. | *Miscellaneous.* | |
| 2 16 | Egyptn. Gtd....... | 102¼ | 3 17 | Illinois 4 p.c. Gold | 103 | 4 4 | Alliance Assur ... | 9¼ |
| 3 4 | Leeds 4 p.c. ...... | 115 | 4 13 | Louisville 5 p.c. G. | 103 | 4 4 | Allsopp 4½ Debs. | 101 |
| 3 1 | Manchester 4 p.c. | 131 | 5 5 | Mis.Kan.Tex.4 G. | 77½ | 3 13 | Bass 4½ Deb. ... | 121 |
| 3 13 | Ceylon 4 p.c. Ins. | 112 | 3 14 | N.Y.Cent. 4 p.c. G | 104 | 3 17 | Chelsea Wtrwks. | 25½ |
| | *Home Rails.* | | 5 2 | N.Y.Erie,1 C.1920 | 151 | 4 0 | Coats 4½ Deb. ... | 114 |
| 2 19 | Caledon 4 Deb. . | 137 | 3 12 | Penns 4½ Gold... | 114 | 4 0 | E.&W.Ind. DkDb | 98½ |
| 3 0 | Do. 4 Pref. | 131 | | *Indian Railways.* | | 3 17 | East London Watr | 215½ |
| 3 0 | Gt. Eastn. 4 Deb. | 133 | 3 12 | Bengal Nag Gtd. | 113½ | 7 8 | England Assur.... | 3¼ |
| 2 18 | Gt.Northn. 3 Deb. | 102 | 3 13 | Bom. Bar. 5 Gtd. | 191½ | 5 17 | Fn. & Cl. Inv. Df. | 9½ |
| 3 1 | Do.4p.c. Per.Pr.. | 130 | 3 2 | Gt.Ind.Pen 4Deb. | 128½ | 3 12 | Guinness 5 Deb. | 122 |
| 3 2 | Gt. Wstn. Guar. 5 | 164 | 3 8 | Madras 5 p.c. Gtd. | 143½ | 4 2 | Lambeth Water... | 241½ |
| 2 19 | Lan.&Yrk. 4Deb. | 134 | | *Banks* | | 3 9 | L.St.KDk4pcDb. | 111 |
| 3 1 | Do Cons. 4 Pref. | 129 | 6 11 | Bk of NewZealand | 4¼ | 3 19 | London Gen. Om. | 131½ |
| 2 18 | Lnd,&N.W.4 Db. | 133 | 5 8 | City Bank ......... | 19 | 4 5 | London Road Car | 6¼ |
| 3 0 | Do. 4 Cons. Pref. | 132 | 5 0 | Lloyds ............ | 25½ | 4 0 | Mn.ShpCan.4 Db | 100 |
| 2 18 | Ldn&S.W.B4Db. | 137 | 4 10 | London & County | 85 | 3 14 | New River New | 327½ |
| 3 9 | Do. Cons. 4 Pref. | 131 | 4 3 | London & Westr. | 55½ | 2 15 | N.British & Merc. | 34 |
| 3 1 | Ldn. Brtn. 4½ Db. | 150 | 4 13 | London Joint Stk. | 31½ | 6 17 | N. Metro. Trams. | 11 |
| 3 0 | LdnCht4½PerDb | 142 | 4 7 | National Prov. ... | 49 | 4 14 | Norwich Un. Fire | 96 |
| 19 | Midland 3 Deb.... | 103 | 4 18 | Parrs & Alliance | 72 | 4 3 | Sth.&Vxhll. Watr | 151½ |
| 3 1 | Do.4 Perp. Pref... | 130 | 5 19 | Prov. of Ireland... | 21½ | 4 15 | Sun Fire ......... | 8½ |
| 2 19 | N.Eastern 4 Deb. | 134 | 4 14 | Union of London | 32½ | 3 18 | W.Middlesex Wtr | 230½ |
| 3 2 | Do. 4 Pref. | 129 | | | | | | |

# THE SILVER DEBATE IN THE SENATE.

## OUTLOOK FOR THE WEEK.

WASHINGTON, Monday.—The momentous event in the debate in the Senate on the Sherman Act Repeal Bill, during the coming week, will be an effort to inaugurate continuous sessions.

The attempt, it is generally thought, will result in a compromise.

It is believed that a definite extension of the Sherman Law, with a reduction in the amount of the monthly purchases of silver would be received with approval.

A proposal to include the purchase of bonds is receiving considerable attention, and it is thought that it may pass with the assistance of the Republicans despite the opposition of the Democrats.—*Reuter.*

# ARGENTINE FINANCIAL POLICY.

## A REASSURING STATEMENT.

The financial scheme proposed by Señor Terry, the Finance Minister of Argentina, provides for the ratification of the arrangement concluded with the Rothschild committee regarding the interest on the Foreign Debt and for the annual progressive withdrawal of the bank notes now in circulation.

# COLONIAL REVENUES.

## NEW ZEALAND AND WESTERN AUSTRALIA.

Official returns of the Public Revenue of New Zealand for the six months ended 30th September show very satisfactory results, the amount being £41,000 in excess of that received for the corresponding period of last year. The receipts from customs are £22,000 in excess; stamps, £7,000; railways, £2,000; territorial revenue, £2,000, and all other heads of revenue show increases. It is pointed out that as the Colonial Treasurer's estimate for the current financial year was £70,000 under the actual receipts of the previous year, the position of the revenue of the colony for the first six months must be regarded as a gratifying one, being £75,000 in excess of the amount estimated. Moreover, the receipts for the second half of the financial year, which always yield the larger amount, have yet to come in.

The revenue of Western Australia for the quarter ended September 30 amounted to £109,000, being a decrease of £14,000 as compared with the figures for the corresponding quarter of last year. The decrease is chiefly in the receipts from railways and customs.

# GOLD IN VANCOUVER.

During the past few days the Minister of Mines and the Provincial Assayer have been visiting the Alberni goldfields, on the west coast of the island, where the quartz ledges were reported to vary from 4 ft. to 6 ft. in thickness. The representatives of the Government express their satisfaction with the extent and wealth of the discoveries.

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The premium on gold at Buenos Ayres is 237 per cent., a further decline of three being recorded to-day.

Silver bars stand at 33⅞d. and dollars at 33⅝d., there having been no change in the quotation to-day.

The Bank of England announces that the stock required for the current quarter's investment on account of accumulative dividends on English Government Funds was purchased on the 5th inst. at the following prices—namely:—Consols, 98⅛ per cent.; Two and a Half per Cents., 96⅞ per cent.; Local Loans Stock, 104 per cent. The stockholders will be credited with the amounts to which they are entitled on November 2. There are now 4,339 accounts on which the dividends accumulate automatically, and the amount of capital is £888,949. The figures a year ago were 3,121 accounts and £636,485 capital.

In our usual review of "To-day's City Weeklies" on Saturday the contents of the *Stock Exchange* were not dealt with. The journal arrived in such unwonted form that it escaped recognition. In fact following upon the marked improvements recently noticeable in its pages the journal has subjected itself to a thorough overhauling, and "No. 336, Vol. XIV." is as far in advance of its predecessors as its more business-like shape indicates—which is saying a great deal. The contents are solid and bright, and afford evidence of new and talented editorship. It is the first of the journals to fall before the blandishments of Emile Zola, many of the hitherto anonymous articles being now replaced by signed contributions. Such a general reform in a journal as has taken place in the *Stock Exchange* commands recognition.

LATEST DIVIDEND ANNOUNCEMENTS.—The following are the latest dividend declarations compared in each case with the corresponding announcement made at this time last year:—

| | Present. | Last Year. |
|---|---|---|
| City Offices | 5s. 6d. per share. | 5s. 6d. per share. |
| Sambre and Meuse Railway | 5s. per share. | 4s. per share. |
| Western Railway of Havana | 4s. per share. | — |
| City of Chicago Brewing and Malting | Pref. 8 per cent. per annum. | 8 per cent. per annum. |
| Direct United States Cable | 3s. 6d. per share. | 3s. 6d. per share. |
| Australian Mortgage Land and Finance | 15 per cent. | 20 per cent. |
| Jubilee Gold | 30 per cent. | 15 per cent. |
| Worcester Exploration Gold | 5 per cent. | 5 per cent. |
| Kimberley Waterworks | 2½ per cent. | 2½ per cent. |
| Rio Tinto | 7s. per share. | 7s. per share. |
| Buenos Ayres Western Railway | 7s. per share. | 5s. per share. |
| London Scottish Banking | 7 per cent. per annum. | — |

THE TALLOW TRADE.—The upward movement in the tallow market still continues, and at the last auctions prices advanced from 6d. to 9d. per cwt. The "show of the shop," a parcel of fine white mutton, went at 32s. 6d. for edible purposes, but beef was a little out of the running, only a few lots being sold at 29s. 6d., and 32s. 3d. for the brands that attracted attention, two well-known favourites being out in the cold. Good fair mutton and all the lower qualities went off like hot rolls, but buyers were a bit shy of the finer goods, on which a high limit had been fixed. One second-hand brand imported in the early part of the year failed to elicit a bid, for the trade have an absurd prejudice against what is termed "resurrection stuff," and glare at the unfortunate article as if it were the latest addition to Mdme. Tussaud's Chamber of Horrors. The figures are distinctly favourable to a firm market, as the stock here is now only 11,029 casks, having been reduced by 2,198 casks during the month. The deliveries from the wharves have been exceptionally heavy, being 7,575 casks, in addition to a considerable quantity that went overside. The arrivals show no signs of falling off, but the demand for the next two months will require all we are likely to receive, and perhaps a bit more. Cocoanut oil continues firm with an upward tendency, the stock being reduced to some 500 tons.

LATEST REDRUTH PRICES.—The following are the latest prices announced from Redruth to-day: Blue Hills, ⅛, ¼; Carn Brea, 15¾, 16¼; Cook's Kitchen, 1¼, ½; Dolcoath, 84, 5; East Pool, 10½, 11; Killifreth, 2⅞, 3; South Condurrow, ⅜, ⅝; South Phœnix, 2s. 6d, 3s. 6d; Polberro, ⅜, ½; Tincroft, 13, ½; West Frances, 1¾, 2; West Kitty, 6⅞, 7⅛; Wheal Agar, 4¾, 5¼; Wheal Basset, 3, ½; Crotty, 1⅜, ⅝; South Francis, ¼, ½; Wheal Friendly, ⅛, ⅜; Wheal Grenville, 16¾, 17¼; Wheal Kitty, ½, ¾.

### MONEY AND STOCKS ABROAD.

PARIS.—The Bourse on Saturday was quiet. The following is a statement of the principal quotations compared with those of the previous day:—

| | Latest. | Previous Day. | Movement. |
|---|---|---|---|
| Bank Rate | 2½p.c. | 2½p.c. | — |
| Marketdiscount | 2¼p.c. | 2¼p.c. | — |
| Exc. Lond., short | 25.19 | 25.19 | — |
| Do cheques | 25.20½ | 25.20½ | — |
| Rentes, 3 percent | 98.27 | 98.25 | +0.02 |
| Do. Account | 98.25 | 98.25 | — |
| New | 98.00 | 98.00 | — |
| Four-and-a-Halfs | 104.92 | 104.70 | +0.22 |
| Do. Account | 104.90 | 104.85 | +0.05 |
| Egyptian Unified | 515.62 | 515.62 | — |
| Italian | 85.32 | 85.05 | +0.27 |
| Ottom. Custom Bds | 492.50 | 493.75 | −1.25 |
| „ Priority | 445.25 | 445.25 | — |
| Spanish | 63.31 | 63.50 | −0.19 |
| Turks | 22.42 | 22.45 | −0.03 |
| Lombards | 225.00 | 223.75 | +1.25 |
| Ottoman Bank | 586.87 | 587.50 | −0.63 |
| Suez Canal | 2,693.00 | 2,690.00 | +3.00 |
| De Beers | 402.62 | 403.25 | −0.63 |
| Rio Tinto | 339.37 | 340.00 | −0.63 |

BERLIN.—The market on Saturday was steady. The following is a statement of the principal quotations compared with those of the previous day:—

| | Previous Day. | Latest. | Movement. |
|---|---|---|---|
| Bank Rate | 5 p.c. | 5 p.c. | — |
| Market Discount | 4¼ p.c. | 4¼ p.c. | — |
| Exch. Lon. Short | 20.33½ | 20.34 | +0.00½ |
| Do. Three Mnths. | 20.21½ | 20.22½ | +0.01 |
| Austrian Gold | 96.12 | 96.12½ | +0.00½ |
| Hungarian | 95.50 | 95.40 | −0.10 |
| Italian | 82.12 | 82.70 | +0.58 |
| Turks | 22.30 | 22.30 | — |
| Lombards | 41.57 | 42.40 | +0.83 |
| Russian Fours | 98.50 | 98.62½ | +0.12½ |
| Roubles | 212.50 | 212.50 | — |
| Prussian | 106.70 | 106.75 | +0.05 |
| Egyptian Unified | 101.75 | 101.62 | −0.13 |
| Mexican New | 60.62 | 61.30 | +0.68 |
| German Reichs | 85.10 | 85.10 | — |
| New German | 85.40 | 85.50 | +0.10 |
| Can. Pac. | 73.80 | 74.2 | +0.45 |

The discount rates now ruling at miscellaneous foreign centres are as follow:—

| | Bank | Mkt | | Bank | Mkt | | Bank | Mkt | | Bank | Mkt |
|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|
| Hamburg | 5 | 4½ | Amsterdam | 5 | 4½ | Madrid | 5 | 5 | Melbourne | 7 | 7½ |
| Frankfort | 5 | 4½ | Rome | 5½ | 3¾ | Stockholm | 4 | 4 | Calcutta | 4 | — |
| Vienna | 5 | 4¼ | St. Petersburg | 5 | 5 | Lisbon | 6 | 6¼ | Bombay | 4 | — |

The following are the latest rates of exchange quoted at miscellaneous foreign centres on London:—

| | | | | | | | |
|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|
| Amsterdm. short | 12.03½ | Madrid sight | 30.43 | Rio J'n'iro, 90 dys | 10⅝d. | Calcutta trans. | 1/3 1/16 |
| Hamburg, 3mos | 20.25½ | Rome | 28.50 | B. Ayres, 90dys | 47½d. | Bombay trans. | 1/3 1/16 |
| Frankfort | 20.33 | Lisbon | 41½d. | M'ntevid'o, 90dys | 51d. | H'ngk'ng, 4mo. | 2/5¾ |
| Vienna | 126.25 | Athens | 42.40 | Valpriso 90 dys | 1/3d. | Shanghai, 4mo. | 3/4⅝ |
| S. Petrsbg. 3mo. | 95.50 | Constntinple, 3m. | 109.62 | M'lb'rn, 60 dys. | ⅝p.¾dis. | Lima | 25d. |

# SPORTING NOTES AND NEWS.

## INTERNATIONAL BILLIARDS.

### THE ENGLISH CHAMPION DEFEATS THE AMERICAN.

(FROM OUR SPECIAL CORRESPONDENT.)

(PER THE ANGLO-AMERICAN TELEGRAPH COMPANY, LIMITED.)

NEW YORK, Saturday Night.—John Roberts, the English champion billiard player, defeated Frank Ives, the American champion, by the comfortable margin of 1,262 points in the 10,000 point match for 1,000 dollars, which closed at Lenox Lyceum to-night.

Roberts played steadily from the outset; while Ives's work was of the pyrotechnic character at times, it was woefully weak at others. From a money-making standpoint the match has not been a success. But it undoubtedly gave Americans an opportunity to admire the beauties of the English game.

It was a singular coincidence of the big international match, that when the final day opened Roberts should have been just 1,023 points ahead of the American. This was the lead in their final match in London, when the Michigan player got the balls nearly jawed in an end pocket, and adopted successfully anchor shot caroms. Ives won that match, and those who knew his strength at nurse caroms would not have been surprised at all to see him sweep away the big advantage that so great a lead gave the English expert.

Ives himself referred jocularly to the lead on Friday night, and said that a few rail runs would swamp the 1,023 points.

There was not much promise of good billiards in the opening stages of this afternoon's game, though Roberts played some pretty hazards. But he seemed listless and uninterested, and his play was in disheartening contrast to his sterling work on Friday. He missed shots at times that he really ought to have made with his eyes shut, they were so simple.

He redeemed this weak exhibition by a fine break of 91 in the twenty-second innings. Ives was playing the flukiest kind of billiards meanwhile, and growled audibly at his lack of luck. The Michigan lad, indeed, does not seem able to shake off his strange lethargy, and Roberts, though playing with a sort of commonplace languor, crept steadily ahead, using French caroms quite as frequently as hazards to add to his commanding advantage.

It was at this juncture, when everybody was in the doldrums, that the American youngster gained the rail, and woke things up in earnest with a break of 263, swinging the score around in his favour 512 to 557. This dash woke Roberts up along with the others in the hall. He raced ahead with a string of double-figure breaks, which included many deftly executed hazards and caroms.

But Ives got that dangerous rail again, and began the magic nurse caroms. He lost them at the side pocket after rolling up 150. Then began some brilliant tactics. He missed a follow by a shave and finished a break of 205. The score now stood 885 to 747 in his favour. This was Roberts's last chance for the session. He closed with a score of 801 to Ives's 927—a total score of 9,001 to Ives's 8,104. Ives had pared 126 points off the Englishman's big lead during the afternoon. Score:—

Roberts: 2, 7, 1, 1, 2, 79, 3, 28, 0, 43, 16, 0, 1, 0, 3, 38, 0, 3, 1, 1, 15, 91, 4, 21, 7, 14, 0, 31, 47, 12, 56, 28, 28, 21, 75, 0, 2, 48, 18, 19, 3, 1, 10, 9, 12; total, 801. Grand total (+8,200), 9,001.

Ives: 0, 30, 1, 0, 5, 17, 25, 0, 48, 11, 21, 2, 2, 31, 0, 2, 47, 2, 1, 0, 10, 19, 5, 2, 4, 0, 5, 20, 7, 14, 20, 263, 7, 2, 0, 0, 59, 205, 1, 6, 2, 1, 28, 4; total, 927. Grand total (+7,177) 8,104.

"Ives is liable to win the game out," said Roberts, as he prepared for the fray this evening. The Englishman played carefully, bent evidently upon obtaining as big a lead as possible on his opponent. Roberts played hazards almost exclusively, his aim being to keep Ives from gaining the rail. Roberts' success in his adopted policy finally settled Ives, and the latter went about his work in a spiritless fashion. For six innings the secutive innings he did not score. Roberts kept piling up hazards, and adding to his tremendous lead, and at the close of the thirty-first innings the score was:—Roberts, 621; Ives, 88.

Roberts's splendid work came in for a lot of applause. One triple-figure break of 130 contained some brilliant masses and hazards. Ives seemed dazed and the big Englishman raced away far in the lead. When everybody thought Ives was in a trance, the youngster got the balls on the rail and bagged 150 before he got them jawed in the side pocket. He got out of this tangle safely, however, and going down the side and around the end wound up a magnificent run of 366 by some hazard play, that made Roberts nod his head approvingly.

Roberts, however, made short work of it, and ran out with a break of 58 points, the winner receiving an ovation as the final shot was scored. Roberts won by the comfortable margin of 1,262 points. Score:—

Roberts: 51, 0, 79, 1, 8, 71, 0, 14, 0, 33, 56, 40, 14, 2, 16, 0, 5, 36, 22, 2, 1, 3, 1, 7, 17, 6, 0, 4, 59, 6, 67, 1, 0, 32, 1, 130, 25, 2, 127, 2, 53; Total, 993. Grand total (+9,001), 10,000.

Ives: 0, 18, 40, 5, 4, 2, 10, 4, 0, 26, 3, 23, 0, 0, 0, 0, 0, 2, 5, 0, 9, 0, 14, 20, 0, 1, 0, 0, 2, 0, 18, 6, 3, 0, 8, 3, 0, 366, 42; total, 634. Grand total (+8,104) 8,738.

## NOTES FROM CLUB AND COURSE.

Cross-country running has not been improved in quality by the inclusion of the Street Arab division into the ranks of recognized clubs. The Southern Counties Cross-Country Association has at length grasped the fact that it is losing caste by having associated with it the combinations whose races and training runs are held, not over genuine country, but over wood pavements in the City. It has for years been urged to make a determined stand against this, and it has now plucked up courage to wrestle with the difficulty. In future no club whose races are decided in public streets within a radius of four miles from Charing-cross will be admitted to membership, and stringent measures will be taken to prevent such clubs from sending entries for open cross-country events.

Another great swimming meeting is to be held at Leicester to-night The final of the English Water Polo Championship between Hanley and Tunbridge Wells Cygnus is the great attraction, but in addition an international trial match between the South of England and the Midlands is also to be played. The Tunbridge Wells men are more at home in their own deep open-air bath, but as they have four of the Ranelagh Harriers in their team, who are used to the ordinary covered bath-swimming, they feel confident of giving a good account of themselves. Hanley have beaten the London Amateurs in the semi-final, and as they are old generals, they do not crow much as to their chances. The team has once before taken home the English Shield, while Tunbridge Wells have never engaged in the championship before.

For the Southern team some good men have been selected. Ratcliff, of the Citizen, an amalgamation of City house clubs, is honoured with a place in goal. To H. F. Clark, of the Nautilus, and W. Dixon, also of the same club and the Ilon. Artillery Company, is allotted the defence at back. Henry, last year's international captain, will play at half-back, while Stephens of the Amateur, Burghard of the Nautilus, and Hankins of the Polytechnic will go forward. After the match the selection committee will pick the team to represent England against Scotland at Glasgow, on October 25. These international water-polo matches have been played since 1887. The first two years Scotland won, and won handsomely, but last year England, at Liverpool, gave them such a thrashing that they are moving heaven and earth this year to regain their lost laurels.

At the last meeting of the committee of the Roads Records Association the question of the appointment of additional supernumary timekeepers was brought up, and the names of several well-known cyclists were submitted as those of riders willing to be enrolled as official clockers. It is singular how, both in connection with road and path timing, the office of official timekeeper has been kept for years a kind of close borough, the work falling year after year to two or three timers who have identified themselves with that phase of the sport from the first. The disposition to qualify for appointment has not been very keen with owners of high-class chronograph watches, although, as late instances have proved, there is a big field of operation for those with a leaning that way, especially in the matter of road-record timing. The present timers, although careful, energetic, and ubiquitous beings, are not rivals of the famous bird of Sir Boyle Roche, and are quite incapable of being in two places at one and the same time; therefore, any competent watch-holders who care to become "official" are recommended to send their names to the hon. secretary of the Roads Record Association with a view to appointment.

C. G. Wridgway, of the Bath Road Club, who won the open 12 hours contest for the Anchor Challenge Shield at Herne Hill on Saturday, with the splendid, and record, mileage of 240 miles 660 yards—an average pace per hour of 20 miles 571½ yards—is only to become known to fame as a speed cyclist this season. He is not yet twenty years of age, and first came into prominence through beating the safety record from London to Bath and back, a distance of 212 miles, which he accomplished on August 2 last in 14 hrs. 22 min. 57 secs. He had, a few days previously, run second for the path championship of the Chelsea B. and T. C. He followed up his record ride by making fastest time in a fifty miles handicap promoted by his club, beating from scratch such a sterling road performer as R. C. Nesbitt. Wridgway hunted S. F. Edge home, and was only 10 secs. behind, when the latter made the world's record of 5 hrs. 24 min. 57 secs. in the Bath Road Club's open hundred miles scratch race last month. In a similar distance event promoted by the Speedwell (Birmingham) Club a week later Wridgway had the misfortune to puncture a tyre when leading in the race, and well within record time for Midland roads. He has given splendid assistance by pacing in the various Brighton and back records which have been attempted or accomplished lately, and has altogether proved himself a valuable addition to the ranks of the famed Bath Roaders.

A. A. Zimmerman was recently timed for the last hundred yards of a race, and the official pronouncement was that he had covered that distance in 5 2-5 secs.—or at the rate of a mile in 1 min. 35 sec., or a fraction less than 36 miles per hour. Some of the French cracks, who are marvellously smart sprinters, also tried the distance against the watch, and Georges Cassignard, whose recent fatal accident all cycling France mourned, covered 100 metres—equal to about 109 yards 1 foot—in 6 3-5 secs, or about three-fifths of a second slower *pro rata* than Zimmerman's spin.

The distance accomplished by Wridgway in the twelve hours race of Saturday last—240 miles, 660 yards—ranks as a world's record, the best previous performance being the 235 miles, 1,544 yards which Allard, a French professional rider, covered in a contest on the Velodrome Buffalo, Paris, on September 24. The previous best distance by a Britisher was 233 miles, 1,540 yards, by F. W. Shorland on the Herne Hill track in July last, during the 24 hours race for the Lucas Cup. The best distance accomplished in America is 203½ miles, by F. E. Spooner, on the Parkside, Cleveland, track on July 8-9, 1892. In connection with the French record, however, it should be mentioned that their tracks, as is the case generally upon the Continent, are measured half a metre from the inside edge, whereas our measurements are made one foot from the inner line, or pole, as the Americans put it. The Herne Hill authorities intend to have the circumference of their track half a metre from the inside certified by a surveyor, when the actual distance covered by Wridgway (according to French measurement in Allard's case) can be computed and compared with the latter's mileage.

France has the distinction of having the first lady rider—or "record woman," as they are called over there—to ride twenty miles within one hour. At the Buffalo track last October Mdlle. Isabel rode 20 miles 49 yards in sixty minutes, easily beating the record held by Mdlle. Dubrieux.

The stocking with fish is a prominent feature in the good management of many of the reservoirs which provincial corporations now control for their water supplies. The example set by Northampton is likely to be followed successfully. The corporation there not only supply good sport for their burgesses, but make it a means of revenue as detailed a few days ago in the *Pall Mall Gazette*. By the way, the breeding of fish is receiving greater attention yearly. The reservoir at Ravensthorpe, Northampton, was stocked with 20,000 yearling trout last year by Lord Exeter's well-known fish farm at Stamford. It must afford Lord Exeter great satisfaction to know that the fish have thriven so well and that the Northampton corporation made such a good investment.

The young fish were turned into the midland reservoir two years ago. They were the Burghley trout (that is, a cross between the great lake trout and Salmo fontinalis, and the Kennett and Salmo fontinalis), and some pure Kennett trout bred from ova procured from the late Mr. F. Popham, out of their magnificent Kennett nest. Little Burghley is Burghley, or not what is usually known as a hybrid. It breeds prolifically and is a very strong fighting trout when hooked. The fish when cooked is pink and of excellent flavour. Lord Carberry's, Colonel Birch's, and several other well-known fishing waters have been stocked with these trout. Lord Exeter, when he stocked the reservoir near the Peterboro' Cathedral city, bought trout, which were purchased from the Burghley farm in 1889. They have turned out right well. Bradford, Manchester, and other corporations now intent on the building of great reservoirs might find it advantageous to avail themselves of the advice of the manager of Lord Exeter's fishery at Stamford.

With regard to the Northampton reservoir there is some information supplied by "Piscator" in the *Field* which may be read as an interesting supplement to the matter already mentioned. "Last year the Northampton reservoir was stocked at times with 20,000 yearlings—presents of the Corporation and their friends, and some fish of up to 3 lb. taken, and I did hear of one man taking over 90 lb. weight one day with five minnows, float, &c. The corporation decided to open the water to the burgesses of this town on payment of 5s. a day for ticket, and also to take five non-burgesses with him at 5s. for each of them per day. Six rods per day at 5s. each only allowed, and two boats, in which only two people in each can fish. The water was open from April 15 to September 15 this year, both days inclusive. The total number caught by minnow (artificial) and fly was 1,013, and the weight 1 ton 1 cwt. 1 qr. 25½ lb., an average of nearly 2 lb. 0 oz. each. A thirty-eight fish during the season that weighed 6½ lb. I hope the artificial minnows will not be allowed this year, certainly not in the forms of trailing, for it is very deadly early in the season, and many of our burgesses have no idea of fishing beyond June. The flies the trout take are all sizes and descriptions; large salmon flies I have known taken. Some of the best takes have been made with the fly. Two fish of 3 lb. each have been taken, and many 4 lb. in weight. The condition of the fish has been splendid, and the Salmo fontinalis cross very marked. I have noticed that the Loch Levens have begun to assume the red spots of the native trout here. The upper tributaries of the river Nene abound with fine trout. I and my sons have caught many up to 3 lb. As a lad I assisted in the capture of five weighed 10 lb. 12 oz., only I have heard, and known as a fact, of trout of 7 lb. and 6½ lb. being taken. Ravensthorpe, where the reservoir is situated, is ten miles from Northampton, on high ground, and the country is very charming, so that a day on the water has refreshed many a burgess of the town during the past season."

## AUSTRALIAN CRICKETERS IN AMERICA.

(REUTER'S TELEGRAM.)

GERMANTOWN (PHILADELPHIA), Saturday.—The return cricket match between the Australians and the Eleven of Philadelphia was resumed to-day. Heavy rain fell during the night, but the morning broke fine and clear, and throughout the day there was bright sunshine accompanied by a light breeze. The attendance at the opening numbered 2,000, but after the luncheon interval fully 12,000 spectators assembled, including a large number of ladies, and the onlockers throughout displayed great enthusiasm. The wicket, which was considerably affected by the rain, was difficult.

The Australians, who yesterday lost two wickets for 76 in their first innings, resumed batting, the not outs being G. Giffen, 36, and Trott, 11. Giffen was not dismissed until he had compiled 48, but Trott, only added 5 to his score. Bruce was accountable for 14, and W. Giffen for 20, the innings closing for 155. The Philadelphians, who were thus in a minority of 34 runs on their first innings, did not improve matters in their second. Four of their men were bowled for 0, and only one who made a score being Bonlen who carried out his bat for 54, the innings closing for 106.

In the Philadelphians' second innings Trumble took seven wickets for 48, Bruce two for 18, and McLeod one for 29. When play ceased for the day the Australians had lost four wickets for 55 in their second innings, the score being: Lyons, 7; Trott, 12; Giffen, 1; Bruce, 1; Bannerman, not out, 7; Gregory, not out, 22. It is a curious fact that in the Philadelphia eleven's first innings six men lost their wickets by the last ball of an over.

## IMPORTANT SCRATCHINGS.

La Fleche and Watercress have been struck out of the Cesarewitch Stakes.

TO HOLIDAY MAKERS, TOURISTS, AND TRAVELLERS.

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# PARIS AUTUMN RACES.

## CONTEST FOR THE PRIX DU CONSEIL MUNICIPAL.

(FROM OUR SPECIAL CORRESPONDENT.)

PARIS, Sunday Night.—Readers may possibly remember that a few days before the race for the Grand Prix de Paris, in which that unfortunate colt Ravensbury was just beaten by Baron de Schickler's Ragotsky, with Callistrate a bad third. In recently describing the present state of the Turf in France, and pointing out what were, as I thought, good reasons for fearing that this state was the reverse of satisfactory, I stated that the older generation of owners were rapidly dying out, their places being taken by men compared to whom that bane of the English turf, the "professional backer," is a princely sportsman.

But I could not have believed that, notwithstanding the existence of such stables as those of M. Michel Ephrussi and three or four others of a like sort, things had got to such a pass as the result of the race for the "pour le Grand Prix" this afternoon proves. It is as use mincing matters. Readers of the *Pall Mall Gazette* doubtless remember the Parker-Deacon affair at Cannes and the death of M. Abeille. His brother has for the last few years owned a few horses, and in the spring of this season found himself in possession of a three-year-old colt named Callistrate, who carried all before him and was looked upon as the certain winner of the Grand Prix de Paris.

It was said at the time that Lord Shrewsbury was part owner of Callistrate, who ran very badly in the Grand Prix, finishing a bad which only bloom in the spring. It was, therefore, with indifference that the majority of French sporting people read that he had been sent over to England and placed in the charge of a new trainer; and if they had been questioned upon the subject they would probably have said that it mattered little whether the colt stayed in France or went to England, so far as his chance of winning races was concerned.

The fact of the horse having been entered for races like the Cesarewitch and the Cambridgeshire did not even strike them as significant, and when he arrived here a few days ago to run for the new Grand Prix, like the phœnix, "there we are from our ashes again!" no one asked what it could all mean. The horse could not win, of course—that was quite clear; but why had his owner donned a pair of lavender kid gloves and come out at eight o'clock in the morning to see him do his last gallop yesterday morning? These, as the French would say, were questions which "demanded" a reply, but the questions did not get one till this afternoon, and then it came in sledge-hammer fashion.

Callistrate literally played with his fifteen opponents as soon as the race began in earnest, beating with the utmost ease horses which he could not approach three months before. "Oh, no doubt," some people may be tempted to say, "but the weights were different." That is quite true; they were different, having been rather more than his favour when he was beaten than when he won to-day, and the extraordinary variation of "form" is not to be accounted for in that way. M. Abeille may perhaps be able to explain, and, if he does not volunteer an explanation, I hope that the stewards of the Jockey Club will insist upon his giving them one—for his own sake quite as much as for the good name of the French turf.

The race to which this strange occurrence has given an early if not a very desirable sort of notoriety is called the Prix du Conseil Municipal has been run for at Longchamps in weather as charming as one could possibly desire in October, and amid surroundings in all respects most agreeable. It is, to all intents and purposes, an autumn replica of the Grand Prix, which has for the last thirty years marked the close of the Paris summer season, and it has been founded by the Jockey Club with the view of attracting foreign sportsmen to Paris in October as well as in June. Whether it will have that effect in the future remains to be seen, but I am inclined to doubt it, for in the first place there are no such attractions as the Grand Jockey Club and Hurdle Race at Auteuil, which precede the Grand Prix; while in the second place there are too many counter attractions in the way of sport just now. The French Jockey Club, however, had its hand forced to a certain extent, as the racecourse at Longchamps belongs to that radical body, the Conseil Municipal, and when the time came for renewing the lease, the latter told the stewards that the renewal would only be granted if they agreed to increase the value of the stakes for the existing Grand Prix and institute a new one.

Racing, fortunately for them, has become so popular in France that they had funds enough in hand to agree to this, and so owners of horses, who have great expenses, even when successful, are given a fresh chance of getting a handsome return for their stable. As would also have done if two races exactly similar in conditions, the new one, instead of being confined to three-year-olds, was for horses of that age and upwards, with a scale of penalties and allowances which would, it was hoped, bring a lot of horses together. Nothing could well have been more satisfactory than the response made by the leading owners both in France and England, for when the entry was made La Flèche, Buccaneer, Marcion, and Ravensbury were among the nominations, to say nothing of nearly all the best French horses.

It is true that Marcion went lame some time ago, and last week the "fatal pen" went through the names of La Flèche and Ravensbury, but Buccaneer remained, and he looked like doing good battle for the honour of Old England. The French competitors were two, though reduced in numbers by eleventh-hour scratchings, were fifteen in all, included among them being Baron de Shickler's redoubtable champion Fra Angelico, who has this season gone from strength to strength since an unlucky defeat in the spring. In fact, those who believe in "class" as against a pull in the weights would not hear of the race being won by anything other than Buccaneer or Fra Angelico, and if they did, a few of them, listen to the voice of the tempter, it was to back a light-weighted four-year-old called Fripon, who belongs to a clever old trainer at Chantilly, one Gibson by name, who is a sort of French Alec Taylor, who springs the most unlooked-for mines upon the public.

Fripon had run very well but had never won a big race and so carried no penalty, and the result showed that if he was not quite the horse his backers thought him to be, he was not undeserving of their confidence, for he ran a good second. But not so Fra Angelico or Buccaneer, neither of whom could struggle into a place, but to the despised Callistrate, who came out in his true form and won by three lengths amid a silence which might have been felt, and which was in strange contrast with the cheering which generally bursts forth when a French horse is successful. I am not, indeed, sure that the general French public, arguing from the fact of Callistrate having been trained in England for the last month, and having crossed the Channel for this race, did not take him to be a native of our perfidious isle, for I heard one of them say to another, with a rueful expression which indicated that he was not on the winner,

"Ces Anglais sont si ficelles." Perhaps they are, but they stand no chance against some French owners of horses, who would pass a very bad quarter of an hour with the stewards of the Jockey Club at Newmarket if they permitted themselves the liberties which they take here. But for the wretched Callistrate incident the race would have been a great success, as "heads" separated the three next to him, and there would have been nothing which called for explanation in the running of the others. Now, I suppose, we shall be told that Callistrate is to walk in the steps of so many French losers and win the Cambridgeshire a fortnight hence, and, much as one would like to see him tail, he certainly looks very formidable.

The defeat of Buccaneer was a great disappointment to many, not only of the English but of the French spectators, for it is seven years since an English horse won the Grand Prix, and if one does not very soon secure a big race, owners will get tired of sending over.

But Buccaneer, well as he looked himself, and well as he seemed to move, was never really dangerous, and he cannot be the horse he was last year, when, if Lord Rosslyn had been prudent, he might have done much to stem the tide of disaster which befel him. Still, he has done enough for fame, and Mr. Warring, his new owner, who was one of the few Englishmen that came over to see to-day's race, has the satisfaction of knowing that he enters his stud in Berkshire not only with a reputation for a horse which will "make" him as a sire, but unsullied by the memory of such dirty tricks as will in the future be associated with at least one race for which Buccaneer has been an unsuccessful competitor.

## RACING FIXTURES.

| | OCTOBER. | | |
|---|---|---|---|
| Newmarket Second October | 10—13 | Thirsk | 19, 20 |
| Limerick | 11, | Sandown Park | 19—21 |
| Alexandra Park | 14 | Chantilly | 19, 22, 24, 26, 27 |
| Gatwick | 17, 18 | Newmarket Houghton | 24—27 |
| Newcastle | 17, 18 | Worcester | 24, 25 |
| Curragh | 17—19 | Lincoln | 31—Nov. 1 |

# PAGES FROM THE LIFE OF A WORKGIRL

By GEORGE MOORE.

## CHAPTER VI.

William and Esther walked on in silence, listening to the day as it lashed in quiet, suburban murmurs. The sky was almost colourless—shaded grey, that passed into no insignificant blue; and upon this almost neutral tint the red suburb appeared in rigid outline, like a carving. At intervals the wind raised a cloud of dust in the roadway. William stopped before a piece of waste ground. "Let's go in there," he said, "we'll be able to talk easier." Esther raised no objection, and they sat down on the tussocky grass under one of the mounds.

"This is just like old times," said William, moving a little closer.

"If you are going to begin any of that nonsense, I'll get up and go. I only came out with you because you said you had something particular to say about the child."

"Well, it is only natural that I should like to see my son."

"How do you know it's a son?"

"I thought you said so. I should like it to be a boy—is it?"

"Yes, it is a boy, and a lovely boy too, very different to his father. I've always told him that his father is dead."

"And is he sorry?"

"Not a bit. I've told him his father wasn't good to me; and he don't care for those who haven't been good to his mother."

"I see you've brought him up to hate me?"

"He don't know nothing about you; how should 'e?"

"Very likely, but there's no need to be that particular nasty, as I've said before; what's done can't be undone. I treated you badly, I know that; and I've been badly treated myself, damned badly treated. You've had a hard time; so have I, if that's any comfort to ye."

"I suppose it is wrong of me; but seeing you has brought up a deal of bitterness, more than I thought there was in me."

William lay at length, his body resting on one arm. He held a long grass stalk between his small, discoloured teeth. The conversation had fallen. He looked at Esther; she sat straight up, her stiff cotton dress spread over the rough grass; her cloth jacket was unbuttoned. He thought her a nice-looking woman, and he imagined her behind the bar of "The Welsh Harp." His marriage had proved childless and in every way a failure; he now desired a wife such as he felt sure she would be, and his heart hankered sorely after his son. He tried to read Esther's quiet subdued face. It was graver than usual, and betrayed none of the passion that cooked in her. She must manage that the men should not meet. How should she rid herself of him? She noticed that he was looking at her. If he took a fancy to her all hope was gone, and to lead his thoughts away from herself she asked him where he had gone with his wife when they left Woodview. Breaking off suddenly, he said:

"Sally knew all the time I was gone on you."

"It don't matter about that. Tell me where you went; they said you went foreign."

"We went first to Boulogne, that's in France, but nearly every one speaks English there, and there was a nice billiard-room handy, where all the big betting-men came in of an evening. We went to the races. I backed three winners on the first day; the second I didn't do so well.

"Then we went on to Paris. The race-meetings is very 'andy, I will say that for Paris—half an hour's drive and there you are."

"Did your wife like Paris?"

"Yes, she liked it pretty well; it is all the place for fashion and the shops is grand, but she got tired of it too, and we went to Italy."

"Where's that?"

"That's down south. A beast of a place—nothing but sour wine and all the cookery done in oil, and nothing to do but seeing picture galleries. I got that sick of it I could stand it no longer, and I said, 'I've had enough of this. I want to go home, where I can get a glass of Burton and a cut from the joint, and where there's a horse worth looking at.'"

"But she was very fond of you. She must have been."

"She was, in her way. But she always liked talking to the singers and the painters that we met out there. Nothing wrong, you know. That was later we had been married about three years."

"What was that?"

"That I caught her out."

"How do you know there was anything wrong? Men always think ill of women."

"No, it was right enough; she had got dead sick of me and I had got dead sick of her. It never did seem natural like. There was no 'omeliness to it, and a marriage that ain't 'omely is no marriage for me. Her friends weren't my friends; and as for my friends, she never left off insulting me about them. If I was to ask a chap in she wouldn't sit in the same room with him. That's what it got to at last. And I was always thinking of you, and your name use to come up when we was talking. One day she said, 'I suppose you are sorry you didn't marry a servant?' and I said, 'I suppose you are sorry you did?'"

"That was a good one for her. Did she say she was?"

"She let her arms round my neck and said she loved none but her big Bill. But all her flummery didn't take me in. And I says to myself, 'Keep an eye on her.' For ther' was a young fellow hanging about in a manner I didn't particularly like. He was too anxious to be polite to me, always talked to me about 'orses, and I could see he knew nothing about them. He even went so far as to go down to Kempton with me."

"And how did it all end?"

"I determined to keep my eye on this young whipper-snapper, and come up from Ascot by an earlier train than they expected me. I let myself in and ran up to the drawing-room. They were there sitting side by side on the sofa. I could see that they were very much upset. The young fellow turned red, and he got up, stammering, and speaking a lot of rot."

"'What, you back already? How did you get on at Ascot? Had a good day?'

"'Rippin'; but I'm going to have a better one now,' I said, keeping my eye all the while on my wife. I could see by her face that there was no doubt about it. Then I took him by the throat. 'I just give you two minutes to confess the truth; I know it, but I want to hear it from you. Now, out with it, or I'll strangle you.' I gave him a squeeze just to show him that I meant it. He turned up his eyes, and my wife cried 'Murder!' I threw him back from me and got between her and the door, locked it and put the key in my pocket. 'Now,' I said, 'I'll drag the truth out of you both.' He did look white, he shrivelled up by the chimney-piece, and she—well, she looked as if she could have killed me, only there was nothing to kill me with. I saw her look at the fire-irons. Then, in her nasty sarcastic way, she said: 'There's no reason, Percy, why he shouldn't know. Yes, she said, 'he is my lover; you can get your divorce when you like.'

"I was a bit taken aback, my idea was to squeeze it all out of the fellow and shame him before her. But she spoilt my little game there, and I could see by her eyes that she knew that she had. 'Now, Percy,' she said, 'we'd better go.' That put my blood up. I said, 'Go you shall, but not till I give you leave,' and without another word I took him by the collar and led him to the door; he came like a lamb, and I sent him off with as fine a kick as he ever got in his life. He went rolling down, and didn't stop till he got to the bottom. You should have seen her look at me; there was murder in her eyes. If she could she'd have killed me, but she couldn't, and calmed down a bit. 'Let me go; what do you want me for? You can get a divorce. . . . I'll pay the costs.'

"'I don't think I'd gratify you so much. So you'd like to marry him, would you, my beauty?'

"'He's a gentleman, and I've had enough of you; if you want money you shall have it.'

"I laughed at her, and so it went on for an hour or more. Then she seemed suddenly to calm down. I knew something was up, only I didn't know what. I don't know if I told you we was in lodgings—the usual sort, drawing room with folding doors, the bedroom at the back. She went into the bedroom, and I followed, just to make sure she couldn't get out that way. There was a chest of drawers before the door; I thought she couldn't move it, and went back into the sitting-room. But somehow she managed to move it without my hearing her, and before I could stop her she was down the stairs like lightning. I went after her, but she had too long a start of me, and the last I heard was the street door go bang."

The conversation paused. William took the stalk he was chewing from his teeth, and threw it aside. Esther had picked one, and with it she beat impatiently among the grass.

"But what has all this to do with me?" she said. "If this is all you have brought me out to listen to——"

"That's a nice way to round on me. Wasn't it you what asked me to tell you the story?"

"So you've deserted two women instead of one, that's about the long and the short of it.'

"Well, if that's what you think I'd better be off," said William, and he rose to his feet and stood looking at her. She sat quite still, not daring to raise her eyes; her heart was throbbing violently. Would he go away and never come back? Should she answer him indifferently or say how sorry? She chose the latter course. Perhaps it was the wrong one, for her dogged silence irritated him, and he sat down and begged of her to forgive him. He would wait for her. Then her heart ceased throbbing, and a cold numbness came over her hands.

"My wife thought that I had no money, and could do what she liked with me. But I had been backing winners all the season, and had a couple of thousand in the bank. I put a thousand aside for working expenses, for I intended to give up backing horses and go in for bookmaking instead. I have been at it ever since. A few ups and downs, but I can't complain. I am worth to-day close on three thousand pounds?"

At the mention of so much money Esther raised her eyes. She looked at William steadfastly a moment, and then she said, "I must be getting back, my mistress will be waiting for me."

"You needn't be in that hurry. It is quite early. Besides, we haven't settled anything yet."

"You've been telling me about your wife. I don't see much what it's got to do with me."

"I thought you was interested, that you wanted to see I wasn't as much to blame as you thought."

The evening was gathering very dark in the corners of the waste ground. "I must be getting back," she said; "anything else you have to say to me you can tell me on the way home."

"Well, it all amounts to this, Esther; if I get a divorce we might come together again. What do you think?"

"I think you'd much better make it up with her. I daresay she's very sorry for what she's done."

"That's all rot, Esther. She ain't sorry, and wouldn't live with me a more than I with her. We could not get on; what's the use? You'd better let bygones be bygones. You know what I mean—marry me."

"I don't think I could do that."

"You like some other chap. You like some chap, and don't want me interfering in your life. That's why you wants me to go back and live with my wife. You don't think of what I've gone through with her already."

"You've not been through half of what I have. I'll be bound that you never wanted a dinner. I have."

"Esther, think of the child."

"You're a nice one to tell me to think of the child, I who worked and slaved for him all these years."

"Then I'm to take No for an answer?"

"I don't want to have nothing to do with you."

"And you won't let me see the child?"

A moment after Esther answered, "You can see the child if you like."

"Where is he?"

"You can come with me to see him next Sunday if you like. Now let me go in."

"What time shall I come for you?"

"About three—a little after."

*(To be continued.)*

## COLONIAL NOTES.

The Canadian papers are full of the reception proceedings in connection with the arrival of the new Viceroy and Lady Aberdeen. They were of a most cordial character, and Lord Aberdeen, who is lucky enough to have those two usually rather incongruous elements—the Scotch and Irish—united in his favour, will have no difficulty in making himself popular with the other sections of the people if he keeps up the Imperial tone which, it is but just to say, has characterized his inauguratory addresses. There was a rather unpleasant *contretemps* at the installation ceremony, caused by the demand of Cardinal Taschereau and his coadjutor to take precedence of the Chief Justice of Canada. The Church won the day, in so far that the Cardinal was placed before the Chief Justice, while an attempt was made to mollify the law by putting the coadjutor behind the chief legal functionary of the Dominion. Apparently the coadjutor was dissatisfied, for he took refuge in absence rather than occupy the back seat assigned to him.

Mr. Daly, the Dominion Minister of the Interior, has brought back a good account of the wheat crops as the result of his two months' sojourn in Manitoba and the North-West. According to Mr. Daly there is a general air of hopefulness and cheerfulness throughout the entire country, and if the price of grain is anything like good it will overcome the difficulties occasioned by the low prices of last year. There is an appearance of solidity about the country which cannot be gainsaid, and it is clearly evident that the depression which prevails on the other side of the line has not been felt by our people to any marked extent, which is remarkable when we consider the close proximity of the United States.

Sir John Thompson will have nothing to say to the cry for Canadian independence, as he considers it means merely "veiled annexation," and he is not desirous of changing the "Union Jack" for the "Stars and Stripes." In a recent speech at Montreal the Premier, after describing both the "independents" and the annexationists as equally renegade to Canadian interests, went on to make what may be regarded as a very important qualification, reminding one very much of Sir George Dibbs's declaration as to Australia at the Sydney Federation Convention in 1891.

"I do not refer, of course," said the Canadian Premier, "to those who speak of the distant future of this country, when it may please Providence to bestow on us a great and powerful population, which Great Britain would no longer be able to govern, and which might possess interests so diverse and distinct as to require complete self-government. I do not, of course, refer to those who, foreseeing that a time may come when it would be the desire of England that she should part from us, look forward to Canada standing alone as a great nation of the earth. That is a worthy aspiration for those who may come after us, many long years hence, to contemplate; but those who speak of independence in the present state of Canada, or in any condition in which she is likely to be within the time of you or your children, are not talking independence from the heart, but they are talking it with the lips and with black treason in their hearts to every true Canadian interest to which we should stand firm."

Confederation is now to be fully adopted in the Anglican Church in Canada, and as one of its visible signs the Roman Catholics are no longer to be allowed to monopolize the high-sounding title of Archbishop, and the social and religious precedency which attaches to it in the popular mind. The Anglicans have hitherto given their superior prelates the title of Primate, but somehow or other the designation has not caught on, and so Rome is to be fought with her own archepiscopal weapons. Much the same difficulties have attended the Anglican Church in Australia, and now that Canada has led the way, we shall doubtless see archbishops created in that country to marshal the bishops in their resistance to "Popish aggression." Rome can, however, always out-title the Anglican Church by a free multiplication of cardinals. Perhaps, however, the latter may be educated up even to the cardinalate, at least as far as the colonies are concerned.

**TO HOLIDAY MAKERS, TOURISTS, AND TRAVELLERS.**

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## THE KARA SEA ROUTE TO SIBERIA.

### SUCCESSFUL VOYAGES.

In the articles in the *Pall Mall Gazette* of the 12th and 30th September entitled respectively "The Kara Sea Route to Siberia," and "The Great Ice Cellar," we confidently anticipated that both Lieutenant Dobrovorsky and Captain Wiggins would safely arrive at the Yenesei, and we are glad to observe from a Reuter's telegram that our anticipations have been realized, and that the river expedition from Krasnoyarsk in the interior have met Dobrovorsky's vessels at Goltschikha (at the mouth of the river), and will receive the cargo of rails for conveyance inland.

Severe Storms Encountered.

The following further information from St. Petersburg is to-day to hand. Lieutenant Dobrovorsky left Vardo (on the north-east of Norway) on the 22nd of August, and proceeded thence in company with Captain Wiggins's vessels into the Kara Sea by way of the Yugor Straits, arriving at Goltschikha on the 3rd of September. Their arrival was the signal for great rejoicings, for it was the first time that the flag of a Russian man-of-war had been carried to the Yenesei by sea. Loud hurrahs from the crews of the river vessels rent the air, and numerous rockets, Bengal fires, &c., brilliantly illuminated the vast estuary of the great Russian river. An equally hearty reception was accorded to the English vessels which arrived two hours later. The Siberian authorities had, it seems, given up all hope of the advent of the expeditions, being under the impression that the continuous northern winds had blocked up the Kara Sea with ice. It further appears that Dobrovorsky's vessels and the river boats started up river on September 19, and expect to reach Krasnoyarsk (an important town 2,000 miles inland on the route of the Great Siberian Railway) by the 12th of this month. In navigating the roadstead several severe storms were encountered, which damaged three large barges loaded with rails.

The Safety of the Northern Waterway.

This news appears to have been brought to Europe by Captain Wiggins, who, after delivering about 99,000 poods of rails from the *Orestes*, has returned with this vessel to Archangel, where he is discharging the balance of his cargo, 20,000 poods of rails. The persistence of Captain Wiggins, and the encouraging support of Sir Robert Morier and other Englishmen who believed in the practicability of the route for commercial purposes have thus not been in vain. It has been plainly demonstrated that, even in the absence of proper charts, beacons, and landmarks, this northern waterway is comparatively safe, and it only now remains for the route to be made use of for the establishment of regular trading relations between this country and Siberia, with the object of developing the well-known immense and little-exploited natural resources of the latter region.

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